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REMAKING AFGHANISTAN**



**HARRY GOES
HOLLYWOOD**

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Weekly Newsmagazine

November 26, 2001 \$4.50

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This Week

November 26, 2001 Vol. 114 No. 48

DEPARTMENTS

- 2 Editorial
- 4 Letters
- 8 Overture
- 11 The Week That Was | Passages
- 14 Cover
- 20 Canada and the World
- 26 Q&A



Photo: Jeffery M. Hertzberg

COVER

14 UNDERCOVER MOUNTIE

Bob Serrouse was a cop's cop—until he became frustrated by the RCMP's way of doing things and, breaking the code, leaked documents to a journalist. Now, the force to which he has dedicated his life wants him out.

20 Remaking Afghanistan With the Taliban on the run, says Arthur Ross, the quest is to control a stopgap government, a turf battle by warlords, tribal chieftains and prominent civilians

26 'So many questions' Montreal-born businessman and philanthropist Charles Bronfman talks about Israel, terrorism and the world after Sept. 11.

32 Fear of flying Sept. 11, Canada 3600. American Airlines Flight 587. Air safety is getting worse, intensifying the travel industry's woes.

34 Let Air Canada go Airline expert Philip Phan argues the flag carrier is unaffordable, and says foreign competitors should be allowed in.

40 Magical mystery tour Houses of the Beatles and other Sesame icons, many by Linda McCartney, give Edmonton a blast from the past.

44 Harry goes Hollywood *Harry Potter and the Philosopher's Stone* comes to the big screen in style, with a Who's Who of British actors in the adult roles and three appealing child newcomers.



28 History In the pool and out, the YMCA has a rich 150-year legacy

32 Business

40 Photography

43 Sports The Grey Cup comes to Montreal, a city that loves its football

44 Films

47 People

48 Entertainment Notes

COLUMNS

- 37 Mary Jarigim
- 38 Donald Cross
- 52 Allan Fotheringham

Cover photograph by Christopher G. Williams



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From the Editor

The world according to the CIA

In the late 1980s, prior to moving to Moscow on assignment for this magazine, I took a Russian-language immersion program at a military school in Vermont. Classroom included Ivy League kids planning careers in the state department, some University of Toronto students on a scholarship program and others who simply loved Russian culture and language. At the end of term, a re-creator came from the Central Intelligence Agency. He was paunchy and middle-aged with a Texas twang, and used phrases that drew nervous giggles—such as his observation that *cravats* should be “prepared to endure dangerous situations in his-off place that may require unfriendly responses on your part.” To me, he seemed a poster—with a slight lifted straight from Stallone movies—but many students signed up for follow-up interviews.

That served as my introduction—such as it was—to CIA operations, and when I moved to Moscow about six months later, I didn’t find cause to shed any sleepers. Even a first-time visitor could see the economy was in free fall, and if you wanted a litany of things wrong with the then-Soviet Union, you had only to ask anyone walking down any street. But the CIA, in periodic reports made public in Washington, wildly overestimated Soviet military and economic strength right up to the USSR’s 1991 collapse—so did the officials who used to give informal briefings to journalists at the American Embassy in Moscow. Those estimates played well in political circles—with the Republicans lurching for a reason to increase arms spending—but how little connection to reality.

That’s a worrisome mistake when applied to events now unfolding in the post-Sept. 11 world. In Afghanistan, American officials admit that their intelligence-gathering capabilities haven’t been good—

partly because they weren’t focused on the area, partly because of the complexity of ethnic divisions there and partly because of the difficulty of finding agents who speak the country’s various dialects. That explains difficulties in assessing the strength of the Taliban, the warring that took place over what level of support to offer the Northern Alliance and, finally, Washington’s lack of preparedness for the aftermath of the Taliban’s collapse.

The situation in Afghanistan offers enough of a mirror to keep the United States, Canada and other members of the anti-terrorist alliance busy for months to come. But an even bigger question is what happens next outside Afghanistan. There’s a growing sentiment in some Washington circles that the alliance should turn its attention to Iraq, and focus on knocking Saddam Hussein out of power. That discussion has also taken place at some levels in Ottawa. The rationale for doing so would be the links said to exist between the Iraqi government and the Al-Qaeda terrorist group—and the discovery of notes last week that suggest the warplanes are intent on building atomic weaponry. The removal of Saddam is great in theory, but fraught with problems in practice. How, for example, do you do so without large-scale loss of life to Iraqis? And what will be the reaction in other Middle East countries if an American-led alliance undertakes such an operation? Before the alliance even considers those questions, its leaders need to be certain their answers are based upon reliable on-the-ground information. Whatever comes next, let’s hope the CIA has been scouting well.

Andy Vich-Lich

response@mclean.ca to comment on From the Editor

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Like 'standing in tar'

About five years ago, I became the victim of a smoldering depression. Though I had battled depression since childhood, and gone nearly mad during the six years I lived with postpartum depression, full clinical depression still held the surprise of a cougar's embrace. Once caught, you're

helpful to break free. Like writer Sharon Dwyer Dwyler ("Overcoming depression," *Cover*, Nov. 12), I've been put on a number of drugs and had the effectiveness of each dip away until I was once again staring at walls and musing my way through each day. Family and friends want to know why I can't step out, slough off the blues and be normal. But I'm standing in tar and draped in lead will be irrelevant because they just don't get it. But apparently your author does and, in her honest, I'm going to try clearing out my caddy drawer this week.

Mark Swartz, Sidney B.C.

Doyle Detleddger has done a great service to all who suffer from the debilitating effects of depression and antidepressants. There is no "quick fix," as she peacefully discovered. Relief and, ultimately, healing lies in lifestyle change, embracing your present and carefully searching out what grows

meaning and purpose to your life. Regular exercise and balanced nutrition are essential. Journal writing and individual counselling may be beneficial. Warm, loving relationships are the anchor that holds the rest together. They take a lifetime to build.

**Gail Exelinger, Registered Clinical Counselor,
Houston Bay LLC**



Dayle Delediger gave quite a marvellous description of the suffering in moderately severe depression, with the typical history of vague prodromal symptoms, then the quite sudden onset of disabling clinical depression. But her overall experience was certainly a most

typical, as well as disturbing, one. Many readers will conclude from it that modern drug therapy is available, dominating, and harmful, which is certainly a net, and this may set them against proper treatment efforts when it is their turn. I would point out several misconceptions in the article. First is the implication that choosing the right drug is all there is to the treatment of depression. While drug companies encourage us to believe this, proper treatment involves several other dimensions: psychological (leading support, supportive psychotherapy), physical (prescribed exercise), and social (attention and help to the family). Second, I find no hint that other possible diagnoses were considered.

the ordinary case, such as hospitalization or convulsive therapy (despite its bad, a very humane and effective treatment simply cannot recall any patient I dealt with, or heard of, who went through all the horrors of Doyle Dredger's Bus, my best wishes to her, and thank her courageous self-disclosure.

Dr. William L. Penick, Emeritus Professor of Psychiatry, Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario

During my hospitalization for depression, I was part of a group that discussed our feelings about living with a mental illness. Every individual in the group felt that we would be better off with a physical illness. Society doesn't focus upon someone with

A refugee's tale

After reading your article about Canada's refugee policies, "Turning up the heat" (Special Report, Nov. 12), I can't help but drop a few lines on this subject—for I am one of those who came here a little way from Czechoslovakia 18 years ago. In that refugee system was not as abused as I now I was seeking asylum and had no entry visa or any prior contact with Canadian authorities. Back in 1983, it was difficult to find security people or police at the main hall of Minsk Airport. Finally at the far corner of the hall, a fellow countryman and I ran into a gentleman dressed in a dark, impressive uniform with colourful stripes on the sleeves and pants. We produced our passports without visa and asked him for help in seeking political asylum. Our conversation did not go very well, as we could not speak clearly in either of the two official languages. Eventually, the gentleman, mildly shamed, called the RCMP. They took us away to the immigration office for brief questioning and then we were whisked into a detention centre for illegal immigrants. We were happy campers, safe at last in the hands of Canadian officials and prison guards. Everything went fine over there. Later on, we learned that the unfriendly gentleman in the hall was an employee of a nearby hotel responsible for the baggage of convicted gangs in transit.

Donald J. Weisberg, University of BC

It doesn't conclude that an individual is weak or lacks character because they are afflicted. I applaud you for an article that opens the eyes of readers to the origins and treatment of clinical depression, as well as proving that people who have suffered from depression can go on to be active and healthy contributors to society.

J.E. Okie, Omaha, Neb.

J. E. Ockley, Omaha, Neb.

People struggling with depression have to ask themselves the questions: do I want to feel better, have great sex or both? ("Now tonight dose, I'm feeling better." Now 13P I was in my mid-20s. I wanted both. Now

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WHY LEARN FROM MISTAKES

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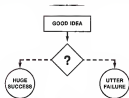


Fig. 2. Good ideas need good people

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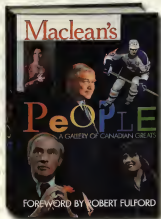
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Canadian.



Newsmakers. Headline grabbers. Canadian icons.



The Mail

No need to cringe

I have been a Canadian for 79 years and I've yet to cringe when looking an American in the eye. So I'm not about to start. I was disappointed to see Allan Fotheringham join a bunch of richish knee-jerk critics in his column on Canada's response to aiding the United States and others ("A national disgrace," Oct. 29). It is going to be a long battle, till now—when did our good friends in the south join us in the Second World War? 1941—Pearl Harbor was a push. And the First World War? 1917. Two years in the first instance and three years in the second does show prudence, but hardly the slowness expected of friends at war. But maybe we weren't good friends then. Jan business acquaintance? We—Canada—will do our part, believe me.

Kenneth Shapiro, Edmonton, B.C.

In addition to taking issue with Allan Fotheringham's article "A national disgrace" regarding Canada's contribution to the current war on terrorism, I question his contention that Canada is a rich country. Canada's per-capita debt load is among the highest of the Group of Seven nations. Moreover, Canada's stock market capitalization is insignificant compared with that of Britain, and pales in comparison to that of the United States. Canada's wealth as based upon natural resources is also misleading, in that commodities like base metals and minerals used in industry, etc., are not nearly as significant in determining a nation's wealth as those commodities were back in the 1960s and before. If Canada attempts to keep up with other nations, especially the United States, with regard to per-capita foreign aid and military spending, while neglecting its foreign debt, we could end up with a bankrupted nation. In their education with adventurism and the prospect for Canadian hopes and dreams, the media would have this nation overruled itself to the detriment of its citizens.

Carl James Johnson, Victoria

Decency and terrorism

Barbara Aniel fell over backwards to justify the shifting opportunistic alliances and outright oppression that the West,

the United States in particular, has indulged in ("Terrorism's real face came," Oct. 16). Her hasty hit rock bottom, however, when, while admiring the West has prospered at the expense of Third World countries, she felt that the latter should not seek answers: reasons to address the wrongs done to them, but should act discreetly. I wonder if Aniel would still feel like acting discreetly if she or members of her family had been tortured or killed by one of the many U.S.-backed right-wing regimes? Perhaps she neglected to draw an analogy between the feelings of those who have suffered as a result of U.S. policy and the actions of the Americans themselves in their war of independence.

Peter D. Shugart, Ottawa, B.C.

I have to agree with Barbara Aniel's article "Silly new security rules" (Nov. 5). She makes a valid point in stating that the current security measures being put into place by governments "won't make a commitment of deference to terrorism." The United States and its allies, although well intentioned in trying to eliminate terrorism, are fighting a war that cannot be won. Attempting to eliminate terrorism is akin to trying to rid the world of drugs or other crimes. Despite the best efforts of intelligence agencies, there will always be hidden corners of terrorism. The new security measures will likely serve to drive terrorism further underground. I think it will be impossible for governments to be aware of all terrorist activity. The current anti-terror scare may well be an example of this. In addition, the United States and its allies should never assume that they have outnumbered and defeated Osama bin Laden and the Al-Qaeda network or any other terrorists. The Taliban and its leaders, though not educated by the book, are likely very "war smart" as they have been fighting for much of their lives. They want America and its allies to suffer as they have suffered. I do not think the new security measures will be successful in deterring or eliminating terrorism. I know it is a difficult situation for governments to deal with, but terrorism is not likely something that can be defeated—quarantined, maybe, but not defeated. It is difficult to eliminate what cannot always be seen.

Mary Margaret Penick, Kitchener, Ont.



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Overture

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Edited by Sherida Dezell with Amy Cameron



Moncton. No, wait. Saint John.

For those who had ever wanted to be Canadian—or at least feel how truly Canadian they are—between *Will and Grace* and *Scrubs* they've discovered what it takes. In *How to Be a Canadian* (published by Douglas & McIntyre Ltd.) they offer guidance on how to talk, waste time, drink, watch TV, and apologize like a Canadian. It's a sampling from their guide *How May I Please Be a Canadian?*—the most popular in the series. Canadian, ah?

- If you hear the name "Eli" and it suddenly strikes of figure skating, give yourself one point.
- If you thought *Deja vu* Junior High

- was a piquant true-life anecdote, two points.
- If you have ever ever ever appeared on City TV's *Sprinkle* Center for any reason, add yourself.
- If you still don't know the capital of New Brunswick, 10 points.
- If you've been to Niagara Falls one point, in a barrel, 10 points.
- If you can sing for a job in *Clarus*, Saskatchewan, making a wise crack, three points.
- If you've posed for a picture with pop star *Kas Garfield*, 500 million points.
- If you complain about rush hour,

five points. Same in Victoria, 10 points.

- If you live in a city where *Tom Green* is elected, three points, and congratulatory letters on your new position at CBC.
- If you've been to a real sugar shack and eaten 100-per-cent maple syrup fresh from the tree, 10 points. If you've been elected 30 points. Or you recently gave the taste of Aunt Jemima, two points.



Whitely's missing words
 winning a bronze medal in track and field in the 1992 Olympics in Los Angeles, he was trained like a star in Hollywood, but in Toronto he couldn't get a job because he was black. *Sylvia Murrell*, who competed

Ray Lewis talks about how, after

Over and Under Achievers

A view from the Eves trough

◆ **Enile Eves** Aspires to be a *Miss Street* guy—but he'll keep \$1.2 million. *Buy Street* job while running for Ontario Tory leadership. One of the boys, if by "boys" you mean investment bankers.

◆ **Ralph Klein** Urges Jean Chretien to appoint panel to recommend what should get medicare coverage—but has no quarrel with the feds having final say. Sounds reasonable.

◆ **Dr. Andrew Beddoe** Leads Ontario Hospital Research Institute team that makes breakthrough in HIV treatment. Old therapies slow the virus. This one shows early promise of killing it.

◆ **Jelly Dolly** Doll wins top-muzzing council prize. *Cagney* notoriously when nanny perished, then denounces terrorism and chews "USA, USA." No, seriously, it just giggles.



Conducting a new career

He's smart, his headstone and he has youth on his side. But that's not how **Joe-Philippe Tremblay** won the coveted job of apprentice conductor of the National Arts Centre orchestra. He also has talent to spare. "We didn't choose him because we liked his blond hair," swears **Pinchas Zukerman**, music director of the Ottawa-based orchestra. "We chose him because he had the best potential of really becoming a first-class conductor."

Last month, 23-year-old Tremblay was hand-picked from the NAC's candidate pool as the NAC's conductor of the 2001 season. According to Tremblay, no longer a student of the Canadian school of conductors. "I've had plenty of experience leading the baton, including leading the orchestra for the Games of La Francophonie this past summer. Tremblay is still surprised "I've already happened so fast." Tremblay says "It's difficult to accept what he did to do."

Tremblay's two-year apprenticeship includes doing community outreach for the NAC. He will also conduct the orchestra in concerts around the Ottawa area, something he looks forward to. "I have a deeper feeling about conducting this about playing music," says Tremblay, who also plays the role "I don't want to control people. It's more about creating an every time you see it on stage."

Byron MacQueen

A little piece of Canada

Even before Canada became a country, a labourer from the United States had already begun work of all the name "Canada" shaped down there with them. During the 1850s and 1860s, railroad workers from Detroit and what is now Windsor, Ontario, travelled south to Michigan City, Ind., to help build the railway as it moved west. The two groups set up small camps on either side of the river, which ran through the centre of the small working-class town. These from Detroit stayed on the side closer to downtown where the station was, says **Shirley B. Brown**, the current mayor of Michigan City. "These from Windsor settled at the foot of a big sand dune known as Tenkies Dune where things were a lot quieter." The American workers nicknamed the men from Windsor "Canucks" and the Canadian camp site "Canada."

Today the name is the only thing that links the two communities with the southern nation of 31 million people. According to Brown, no longer descendants of the Canadian railroad



Michigan City Mayor Brown waves the flags

workers live in the area. During the 1960s and 1970s, the neighborhood suffered a dramatic economic decline and only a massive revitalization project in the past few years

has helped bring things around. The solution to the struggling economy? A casino, opened in 1996. Are they some nobody from Windsor lives there?

John Jodel

And now, for some uplifting news

By rights, **Nicole Whitely** should have one of the toughest jobs in journalism: as a reporter and publisher of *News for the South*, a Vancouver-based online newspaper committed to publishing gay, lesbian, and transgender news, she's had to find the silver lining in a world cloaked by terrorism, war and fear. Happily, she's found an uplifting amount of good news to report. "It's all I can do to keep up," says Whitely, who adds there's been a big jump in hits to her Web site, www.newsforthesouth.com, since Sept. 11.

While other news agencies fix on anthrax scares, conspiracy theories and conflict, Whitely focuses on a cat that survived 16 days without



Chicken Soup for the Soul. "People need inspiration more than ever," says Whitely, a former community newspaper reporter who ended of the conflict of mainstream news. "It's not about avoiding things, skirting perilous in the sun and being happy. It's about seeing, adding that you can find positives in even the worst of events. Whitely adds the reports that, said some passages of the *Harvard* job that crashed in a real Pennsylvania apparently landed together and fought back. "It doesn't have a very pleasant ending," admits Whitely. "But on the other hand, that was the most inspiring thing I've ever heard in my life."

Ken MacQueen

Olympian reflections

Three days before the event, **Enile Whitely** knew he was going to win the bronze medal at the 2000 Sydney Olympic Games. That day, Whitely was taken with a sudden feeling during an early morning training run around the Olympic village. "I knew at that moment of pure emotion, that great things happen to people who make great things happen and I was about to put on one heck of a race."

winning the 20-year-old gold medalist in a new back, *Honors at Our Most Top Canadian Athletes Share Personal Stories from Their Lives in Sport*. One hundred and ten athletes, Paralympic and professional athletes, conducted tales of success, disappointment and pain for this project, with all proceeds going to Canada's Foundation for Athletics and Sport Training.

Ray Lewis talks about how, after



Entertaining Autos

Part I

By Matthew Deegan

**You'll never hear "Are we there yet?"
In vehicles stocked with this hot technology**

It was only a matter of time before the digital world and the auto world met each other. With the mind-boggling array of new innovations from software and hardware giants, grueling road trips are a thing of the past. Even traffic jams are more bearable when your car is wired for fun.

TVs mounted in the backs of headrests, DVD players, MP3 players and connections to the Internet are sure to please those who enjoy staying in tune or staying in touch when on the road. Here, we survey some of the newest gadgets and games coming to a dashboard or a backseat near you.

Internet Connections

Quite possibly the most exciting innovation when it comes to in-car entertainment is being able to connect to the Internet.

Consider the Network Vehicle, developed by IBM, Delco Electronics, Netscape Communications and Sun Microsystems. Using IBM voice technology, drivers can control key vehicle functions by simply speaking, while passengers can surf the Web or watch satellite TV. Users can verbally request and listen to e-mail messages, locate a restaurant or hotel, ask for specific music or sports scores, or use voice-activated telephone services—all without taking their hands off the wheel.

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The Week That Was

he refused did little to calm their fears. "This ordeal has not succeeded in intimidating us or silencing us, but has rather strengthened our unity and resolve."

Ban scope limited

Denouncing Canada "is not a police state," the Supreme Court unanimously rejected two politicians' bills that suppressed details of police staff supervisors. The court states its rulings in connection with separate issues in Manitoba and British Columbia in which the police had wanted to prevent the media from publishing details of stories used to expose controversies from

murder suspects. Both cases ended in acquittals. The court said only the specifics of the police officers involved are barred from publication. For one year, while police lawyers embargo the courts' decisions, police warned that such bans could hamper them in doing their job.

Demanding a nation

About 2,000 Palestinians, marching in the Gaza Strip to mark the anniversary of Israel's 1948 declaration of statehood, demanded the Palestinian statehood immediately. The United States, which is trying to re-establish a



peace process, opposes such a unilateral step, and Israel has warned it would stop all peace talks. In a broadcast speech, Arafat said he wants peace with Israel, but the Jewish state must withdraw from the entire West Bank of the Jordan River. Gaza Strip and East Jerusalem—

conditions Israel has repeatedly rejected. The latest Palestinian uprising, which broke out on Sept. 29, 2000, has left nearly 1,000 dead.

Baby gang raped

The alleged gang rape of a nine-month-old baby in Louisiana, involving lawmen in Northern Cape Province, South Africa, has shocked the entire country. Six men between 24 and 65 years old have been charged in connection with the incident, which allegedly took place when the girl's 16-year-old mother went to buy food and left her in someone else's care. The baby is in serious condition in a hospital and awaiting treatment for possible exposure to HIV. The crime has focused attention on the home myth as parts of rural Africa that live with a virgin will cure AIDS.

WTO on a roll

Meeting virtually unanimously in Doha, Qatar, on the Arabian Peninsula, the 142 members of the World Trade Organization agreed to launch a new round of talks to liberalize global commerce. The negotiations, covering issues from agriculture to environment, are set to begin in January and end by 2006. China also claimed a major victory for the rest of the world when the European Union finally agreed to something that will allow regulations to phase out agricultural subsidies. AIDS activists were pleased about new rules making distribution of generic versions of patented drugs easier in developing countries. And China at last joined the club.

Gushing with oil

Nord's price dropped after members of the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries were unable to agree on production cuts. OPEC's lowest rate members—especially Russia—would continue production at current levels despite demand for oil. The price of benchmarks Brent Crude rose to \$24.50, well above OPEC's desired minimum of \$24.

The Week That Was

Down at the ranch debating missiles

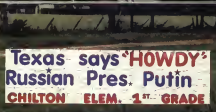
During a meeting at George W. Bush's Texas ranch, they dined on tongue-wacked beef and peace pie, listened to country-western music and accepted congratulations after agreeing to do away with nearly 4,000 long-range nuclear weapons. But Bush and Russian President Vladimir Putin went further: Designing both countries' nuclear arsenals in a number of critical areas. Among other things, the U.S. could remove Russia from a list of countries that requires annual congressional approval for nuclear trading status. "Usually you only initiate a good friend to your terms," said Bush, after taking Putin on a tour of his 1,800-acre Potts Chapel Ranch in a white pickup truck. "And that is clearly the case here." Putin then asked his own glass. "It is highly symbolic to me that it is the house of the president of the United States."

Bush and Putin, however, failed to reach agreement on U.S. plans to deploy a missile defense shield. Russia believes such a plan will violate the arms race. And before dropping his objection to the shield, Putin wants Bush to sign an extension new nuclear arms treaty limiting the two countries' nuclear arsenals. Bush, having concluded on deployment of the system, does not want to risk missile defense to a new arms-control pact. But the President is expected to visit Moscow in the coming, allowing further time to negotiate.

Even without an agreement on the missile defense question, Bush ended evening Russian-U.S. relations, buoyed by Moscow's decision to support the U.S. following the Sept. 11 terrorist attacks, have helped create an atmosphere that will allow the United States to reduce its supply of long-range nuclear



Putin and Bush, a warm, Texas-style greeting (below)



weapons to between 1,700 and 2,200, down from about 7,000. Russia, with an estimated 6,000 warheads that it can no longer afford, has promised calls to work with Putin had hoped a new arms treaty would have allowed time

to make deeper cuts. Both leaders also agreed to strengthen their co-operation to safeguard biological and nuclear weapons—and prevent terrorist access to weapons of mass destruction. As part of that effort,

Russia will work closely with NATO—an alliance founded to defend against the old Soviet Union. While it won't formally join the alliance, Russia will be brought in to formulate common policies on terrorism and weapons proliferation.

Passages

Awarded: Winning prizes in becoming old but for author Richard B. Wright. Last week, the St. Catherine, Ont., native won a Governor General's Literary Award for his classic novel, *Black Boy*, a story of two slaves on divergent paths. A week earlier Wright won the \$25,000 Pulitzer Prize for Canadian fiction. Fourteen winners in Canada won a \$15,000 Governor General's Award, including George Elliott Clarke of Toronto for his collection of poems, *Kind Strangers of Montreal*, in drama for the plays of *Home*, and Toronto's Thomas Homer-Dixon in nonfiction for the biography *Can't Children's literature awards went to Arthur Slade of Saskatoon for *Cloud*, and to Montreal's Michelle Lussier for her decision in *At the Heart of the Soap*.*

Hired: J. R. R. Tolkien was named Ontario's first general manager and senior vice president of basketball operations, replacing David Ash, who was fired on Oct. 2. The 42-year-old, who spent the last 15 years in the Oakland A's organization, most recently as director of player personnel. Don Rickards's last tasks will be to hire a new assistant general manager, since



The man with the Wright stuff

Dave Stewart resigned to take over as pitching coach at Milwaukee.

Hired: Curtis Dawson was spelling short of headcoach, complete with trademark white pants and oversized black-and-white glasses. A native of Lake Placid, N.Y., Dawson first started his career as a football coach with the New York Jets and later became a football editor with *Rolling Stone* and *Harper's*. Dawson, who never attended the Olympics, wrote all his copy by hand and was a third-string player for more than three decades. In 1997, Dawson started a new career as a sportsman-

for coaching, then did heavy appearing in 42 interviews with *Dominion*, P.S. chief at New York World-Center Medical Center after a long illness.

Appointed: Human rights activist, documentary filmmaker and award-winning author Sally Armstrong has been appointed a UNICEF Canada Special Representative. The 59-year-old Contributing Editor at *Maclean's* and editor-in-chief of *Maclean's* was also the editor-in-chief of *Maclean's* magazine from 1985 to 1999. Once a member of the Order of Canada in 1996, Armstrong is currently in Afghanistan on her first job for UNICEF reporting on the human rights crisis facing the country's children.

Reassigned: Former South African president Nelson Mandela, the freedom fighter who spent 27 years in jail struggling to end apartheid, was to become an honorary Chinese citizen this week. Mandela, 83, and his wife, Winnie Mandela, were also granted honorary doctorates at Beijing University. Mandela is in Beijing, where Mandela has an elementary school named in his honour as well.

UNDERCOVER MOUNTIE

Bob Stenhouse was a cop's cop—until he broke the code and blew the whistle on the RCMP

BY ROBERT SHEPPARD

Mountie becomes cop in many forms. At the top of the heap is a regimental pride, the sometimes strictly regulated bond that makes no nod to humor and can put the RCMP on a pedestal when compared with other police. Then there is what police psychologists call "the inner badge," a personal, perhaps exaggerated, code of right and wrong that can set individual officers apart and embolden some to stand up even to their own organizations. To those who know him, Bob Stenhouse has an inner badge polished to a fine hair: he's strong-willed, dedicated, honest to a fault. Talk to him even for a short while or visit the Measure room in his modest Edmonton bungalow, the guest room with the walls festooned with regimental memorabilia and commendations, and it's clear he has this other self as well. It's a potent mix. Bring it to a boil and you get that rare officer in a culture marked for an conformity—an RCMP whistle-blower.



As a liker

He is not the only one. A week ago, in an Ottawa hearing room, Cpl. Robert Read, 57, another veteran Measure with 26 years

on the force, went before a disciplinary board, charged, like Stenhouse, with disgraceful conduct and breach of oath for talking out of school. The two cases are not exactly alike. Read, the fourth officer sent to investigate allegations that Chinese gangs had strangled immigration officials at the Canadian Embassy in Hong Kong, became so angry after his findings were swept aside that he publicly charged senior officers with a coverup and released elements of an internal report to the media. Staff Sgt. Stenhouse, frustrated by years of trying to get intelligence officers and drug squads to work together against biker gangs, sent a batch of police policy documents to a Toronto journalist in the hope of starting a public debate.

Read was the first of the two whistle-blowers to be suspended. Stenhouse was the first to go through the message machine that is the RCMP's disciplinary process. Together they may—eventually—set new standards for Measure who go public with their concerns. "Some say police have a higher duty to keep confidential information and respect orders," observes David Yashbeck, Read's Ottawa lawyer. "But the law imposes a variety of obligations on police. You can argue it is



precisely because he is an officer that, at the end of the day, his duty is to the public."

Mind you, higher duty is odd comfort when the force you have served with distinction turns on you with very little in the way of compassion or understanding. If you are Bob Stenhouse, you hold on to that inner badge for all it's worth. It's something, not even the RCMP symbol of all that is right and lawful, can take away. The question in the Stenhouse case: why would it want to?

Stenhouse was one of the RCMP's vibrant stars. He joined the force in 1982, barely out of his teens, and fairly shot through the ranks. Sgt. sergeants while still in his 30s, a significant achievement, he garnered performance reviews that characterized him as "outstanding" or "exceptional," of leadership calibre. What's more, he earned his spurs the hard way, on the mount. Stenhouse was one of the Mounties' top undercover specialists in Western Canada. He had the personality to be feared, suspected, mistrusted, and yet then to coo up their secret. Once, playing a mobbed-up prongy guy, he tickled a small-time Miller into shouting where he had stabbed a body, deep in the bush in coastal British Columbia.

Stenhouse also had the guts to wade into a bar full of bikers—his special assignment—and put them on notice. A cop's cop? He certainly looked the part. Big, non-boozed, self-quiet, after receiving special assault training early on, he was part of the team that would be called out at all hours, anywhere in north-central Alberta, whenever someone was homicided in a house with a rifle, given the order, he was one of the guys who would serve the house.

But it was not just his brow or his courage that moved him through the ranks. A colleague called him one of the Mounties' favourite experts on undercover police work. He also organized, on his own initiative, seminars for officers in outlying regions on how to deal with bikers. He had a knack for challenging his subordinates—and his superior. In the year and a half leading up to his suspension, he had conferences with three different senior officers about how to handle bikers. Though the didn't stop two of them from writing laudatory memos on Stenhouse went through the process for promotion.

His face looked bright. In 1997, he

quintessential one of the RCMP's very few successful investigations of a biker gang. Called Project Kite, it was an elaborate sting that went on for nearly a year and resulted in the conviction of 15 Edmonton bikers and the confiscation of \$1 million in drug money. Then he did, by his own admission, a very stupid thing.

In the spring of 1999, with his marriage crumbling and his job frustrations mounting, Stenhouse sent a package of RCMP policy documents to Toronto journalist Tom Lavigne. The package included letters from fellow officers criticizing the force's way of handling investigations into motorcycle gangs, then considered the RCMP's No. 1 law-enforcement priority. One was a memo Stenhouse himself had written, arguing for more coherent, targeted investigations into suspected

Canadian Association of Chiefs of Police.

Stenhouse and Lavigne had never met, but they had talked on the phone several times. Stenhouse saw Lavigne as a friend of the police; he had written three books on the Hells Angels and spoken at police functions. And he felt Lavigne would use the documents as background, in an aid to understanding the frustrations of front-line officers. "I never crossed my mind he would publish them the way he did," says Stenhouse. When the memo hit the fan, Mounties honore forced him to lie up.

Within hours of Lavigne's book *Hells Angels at War* hitting the stands in October, 1999, Stenhouse sent e-mails to superior and fellow officers outlining what he had done. "I didn't want someone taking the blame for this," he says. The internet memo was already proving the up-

per this spring, the force held a disciplinary hearing in Edmonton, one that went on for 10 days over a seven-week period, heard from almost 25 witnesses, and in the end—in very harsh and uncompromising terms—ordered Bob Stenhouse dismissed, on order he be a speaking point for reasons of honour that anything else.

There are two sides here, and sometimes they intersect. One is the personal side of the burned-out Mountie, the over-committed officer whose life was the force—he had married a Mountie, all his close friends are police officers—and who lost sight, perhaps, of how to go about changing an institution he loved. There is also the story of the RCMP's failed attempt to get a handle on organized crime—particularly outlaw motorcycle gangs, the scourge of the 50s. That's a policy that is

reined, senior commissioner who headed the RCMP's Alberta operation. "We're on the right track with that in Alberta. Maybe not to the point that everybody was doing it. But that does make a shift of the magnitude overnight."

From outside law enforcement, it's tempting to see the police as looking after their own, rather than close ranks in support or to root out with a vengeance those who are considered bad apples. The Stenhouse case is not nearly so clear-cut. If anything, it shows the clear divisions that bedevil the national force, tensions between what one officer calls, half-jokingly, "the cowboys" on the front lines and the "admiral's wives."

One also suspects, officers who worked directly with Stenhouse, including long-serving investigators from his senior officers in the Edmonton detachment, some of whom were directly or indirectly criticized in the Lavigne book. But their names were still valid. Stenhouse betrayed his colleagues, some of those documents were clearly marked for police eyes only—some were from sister agencies, a measure of how close co-operation that was delicate at the best of times, how can we trust him again?

Oddly enough, the main antagonist in the drama was a man, Maurice, Toronto police Chief Mike Fennell. A big, bluff man who had headed three southern Ontario forces, Fennell was also chairman of the police chief's strategy committee against outlaw bikers, the group that came together in 1996 shortly after an 11-year-old byproduct was killed during the long, spiky, bitter war in Quebec.

When a RCMP investigator found him scumming from the Lavigne book in January, 2000, and told him an internal inquiry was under way, Fennell blew his stack. It was, apparently, the first time he had been made aware of the links he first off a hard-hitting letter that same day to Philip Murray, then chief minister of the RCMP. Under a bold headline—"Don't speak"—Fennell called the link one of the most corrupt acts he'd witnessed in 30 years of policing. Within days, Stenhouse was suspended and, for months after, in almost every internal report, the RCMP incorporated Fennell's views.

Born, of course, have bedevilled police for years. Indeed, since the national strategy group was formed, the target of these gangs, the Hells Angels, has moved into every major province where it didn't already have a foothold—Alberta in 1977, and subsequently Saskatchewan, Manitoba and Ontario—taking over small gangs and their footholds in what police call "patches," a sharing of territory. And in Stenhouse was getting with his superiors, drugs were the mainstay of motorcycle gangs. (Quebec's recent crackdown has proved this in spades.) But because drug squads and bikers (intelligence units were two different groups with two different agendas, no on-standards attacks on motorcycle gangs featured.) "It always has been this within the RCMP," Stenhouse says. "We're drug enforcement. We're customs and excise." And within drugs, we're honest. We're marijuana. It's all about turf



The 1995 death of an 13-year-old Montreal boy inspired the war against bikers

gangs—spread of the rifle-based system that divided the force into intelligence gathering and criminal investigators. And further divided the drug squad into units based on commodities such as marijuana and heroin, with the result that cops were chasing after small-time deals with drugs in their possession rather than focusing on the big ones.

Anxious, more contentious part of the package, marked "confidential" and "for police eyes only," included memos and minutes of meetings of the national strategy committee to combat outlaw motorcycle gangs, a policy-making group of the

on someone else. Close colleagues were shocked. So was his superior. There may be consequences, they told him, but for the meantime continue on. In this instance, oddly enough, that means going forward as a candidate for management work.

Then, three months later, everything suddenly changed. Stenhouse was suspended from duty. This is a full-time, two-year term. The RCMP has not (and failed) twice to suspend him without pay—an extremely rare measure. It also tried to charge him with a criminal offence, only to be told by the Alberta justice department there were no grounds. And



Fennell (left) fired off an angry letter when he heard of what Lavigne had published

even now giving around 180 degrees, towards a vision of policing that Stenhouse, among others, has been advocating, ironically in the RCMP men to drum him out of the force.

Part of that is due to changed circumstances: the new fight against international terrorism has forced the Mounties to combine their intelligence gathering and criminal investigations into single targets aimed at specific groups. But even before the wheels were turning in that direction, "This was something that was being talked about as a lot of different levels," says Don McDonald, the recently

earlier joining in B.C., appeared before his disciplinary hearing to say his protest.

Did the documents he passed along compromise police operations? Not at all, they said. His lack of faith in their ability to share information with other forces? No again. "I found Bob to be a character person with an opinion with the RCMP, a person with guts," said his former boss on the bitter intelligence team, retired Staff Sgt. Del Hagen. "If he ever made an error in judgment, he would certainly get my forgiveness as a second. And I believe he should get that kind of forgiveness from the force."

On the opposite side was a handful of

and that's why the Hell's Angels have fallen through the cracks for 20 years."

The conclusion of Project Kim in the fall of 1997 should have been a time of sweet victory for Bob Stanhouse. It was anything but. His marriage was disintegrating, he was disappointed from job woes, and his frustration that front-line officers did not have greater input into biker strategy was so great, he handed in his resignation. Close friends talked him out of it. Then, a few months later, the RCMP sent him as its representative to a provincial policy conference on organized crime—which sealed his cycle of frustration all over.

The conference, headed by a consultant and composed of representatives from the RCMP and the Edmonton and Calgary police, was struck because the Alberta government was withholding nearly \$2 million in organized crime funding because it didn't trust the feds to contribute their fair share. Stanhouse was on the committee to add an operational perspective, but what he saw only crystallized his view that there were deep-seated problems with funding and strategy. The RCMP was then saying it had budgeted \$16.5 million and 183 people to combat organized crime in Alberta, but with only five full-time biker investigators in the province, the numbers looked like a shell game. More worrisome, to Stanhouse at least, was that the biker policy originating from the police chiefs seemed more concerned with tilting the media about the gangs than with true law enforcement. "I just felt this was unrealistic," he says now. "It seemed like about trying to get money from governments."

He started to write memos on how biker investigations ought to be organized. At least four of them went up the lines and were mounted back. They were his personal "wish list," the disciplinary board called them later. From his point of view, they were a way of saying the feds could do more with less, by combining priorities. (He was not alone in his concerns—at Stanhouse's disciplinary hearing, senior RCMP officers from B.C. and Alberta, men with 15 to 20 years' experience as criminal investigators, came forward to tell the same story, almost as a lament. Mexican pride was at stake. They were the national police after all. Yet because of their own internal biases and trying to do too much with too little, they were losing ground against bikers.)

In late December, 1998, Stanhouse went to see McDermid. They spoke for 90 minutes. The assistant commissioner seemed sympathetic. He acknowledged the force seemed too confused to pick low-hanging fruit, and asked for more documentation. He said he'd see what he could do. A few months later, they met again in a corridor. Stanhouse's office. McDermid recalls saying change was coming, but it would take time. Stanhouse says the message was more like business as usual. A week or so later, Yves Laugel called, asking what was new.

B Bob Stanhouse is not a stupid man. Naïve, perhaps, about the ways of investigative journalists, maybe even about police budgets, but he knows the odds against him regarding his once-riding career in the RCMP are extremely high. His

January, after which he can retire with a partial pension. Maybe that is what the RCMP is hoping for, that this will all just go away quietly. That is not likely. This is a case that could well end up in Federal Court. This is a man who, after all, brought his 11-year-old son to hear him testify at the inquiry last spring. And when told the disciplinary board wouldn't act at the time of the sentencing, "I have heard the rhetoric that suspension is not punishment or discipline. Has anyone ever thought to ask a member who was suspended what they have been through? Has any thought been given to how I had to reassure family members and friends that I am not corrupt, I am not unethical, I am not dishonest?"

What stands out about this case, apart from the issue of dismissing an officer with



Stanhouse believes the RCMP needs more targeted investigations of biker gangs.

case now goes to an external review body for a recommendation, and then to the commissioner of the RCMP for the final say. That could take another year.

For a while during his suspension, he worked part time as a private investigator, until the RCMP returned the permission it had initially given him. A month ago, taking a leave, he ran and lost a campaign to be an Edmonton municipal councillor. Initially, for someone considered a disgrace to the uniform, he is still called upon to give evidence in court against people the Mexicans are trying to put away.

His 20 years with the force are up in

only one dimension or as otherwise self-interest, is how bureaucratic the RCMP can be when it goes after one of its own. Because Stanhouse had just transitioned to an administrative unit when Laugel's book came out, the investigation and prosecution of his case was handled out of Alberta, by senior officers who had barely—if ever—known him. The investigator who was brought in felt Stanhouse was hiding something and pursued the matter like a criminal case. His RCMP lawyer, Azana Sabo, had a note put on her file for answering, reportedly, questions outside the inquiry. And any written records about the case

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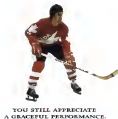
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by former commissioner Murray and his successor, then-deputy commissioner Graham Zaccarelli, were "no longer in existence." The inquiry was told by the prosecution "You ask who it is direct charge of the case?" says Sgt. Brian Roberts, Stenhouse's lead supervisor and the RCMP's most, though highly reluctant, spokesman on the case. "That's a good question," Roberts will say only that there are "several different persons having several different types of involvement" as the matter has progressed.

How damaging was the leaked material Stenhouse sent Lavigne? Even the disciplinary inquiry did not give much importance to the contents of what was leaked. In fact, it rejected Stenhouse's legal claim to be considered a whistle-blower—which might have justified what he did—because it said most of what he passed on was already in the public domain. But Sgt. Guy Laflamme, a no-nonsense veteran who ran the three-member inquiry with considerable latitude, concluded there are higher standards for police. Because they hold a public office and swear an oath of secrecy, that raises the bar. What's more, Stenhouse's transgressions, Laflamme said, require a clear message of denunciation because it goes to "the core values" of what the RCMP is all about—honesty and integrity—and, furthermore, breaches the trust of fellow officers. "There is a legitimate need to publicly debate the general issue of OMCs [outlaw motorcycle gangs] and their effect on society," Laflamme concluded. "There is no need, however, to publicly debate the internal strategies and concerns in a police organization engaged in this ongoing endeavor."

Another quirk to this case is that the author of the book has never acknowledged Stenhouse was a source. Yves Lavigne is a former *Globe and Mail* reporter in his late 40s, a highly sensitive man who feeds both police and bikers are afraid him for his contacts. Lavigne was interviewed by the RCMP about Stenhouse but he never appeared in the inquiry, and he refused to say

on principle whether Stenhouse was or was not a source. But he told *Maclean's* that his book went to his publisher intact at the end of February, 1999—which is at least a month, maybe more, before Stenhouse says he sent him the documents—and that nothing but minor editing changes were made after that. Lavigne's editor at HarperCollins Publishing Ltd. confirms the timing. But this new information only muddies the waters because at least two of the classified documents in the book were letters that had been sent

example, in the United States, some of a governing police (although Ottawa has just moved a new position, integrity officer, to handle complaints by civil servants of mismanagement and wrongdoing).

In more years, a handful of high-profile whistle-blowers within the federal civil service have gained prominence, mostly scientists at Health Canada. Some cases went to Federal Court and, so far, the maximum penalty imposed has been a reprimand, in one case, the loss of five days' pay. Until now, the RCMP has behaved unilaterally. Of the half-dozen cases involving breach of the oath of secrecy over the past decade, some involving officers who have leaked material to journalists, only one has led to dismissal—a Mountie who leaked information about a planned police raid, which, if it hadn't been aborted, might have put officers at risk.

The Stenhouse decision clearly raises the bar, signaling a tougher approach—"accountability in the new wordworld," one Mountie involved in the case said—towards officers who talk out of turn. Of course, Stenhouse's investigation sprung to light in the fall of 1999, just weeks after Cpl. Road went public with his allegations (after four submissions) to the RCMP public complaints commission, the federal auditor general and the spy agency CSIS before appealing to a reporter). The Mounties may have thought they had an epidemic of whistle-blowers on their hands.

An alternative interpretation is that these prosecutions just roll along because, like biker policy, no one wants to take complete ownership of a problem that looks intractable. At least twice in the Stenhouse case, the RCMP made tentative offers to settle the matter outside of an inquiry. Stenhouse said he was interested, but wanted full disclosure or mediation. He wanted to be met halfway, a professed demand, perhaps, given what had transpired—though not at all out of character. He had given 20 years of his life to the RCMP. Was it too much to ask for a little of his organization back?



The Hells Angels managed to move into Alberta in 1997

directly to Stenhouse by fellow officers and that he testified he passed on to Lavigne. The issue here, though, is not necessarily whether the Mounties got the right man. It is more whether the punishment fits the crime.

One of the problems with the current system is that the RCMP Act, which from another time, creates a maximum disciplinary punishment of up to 30 days' pay. It jumps from there to dismissal on the finding that a breach of trust is so egregious as to affect the employee-employer relationship. Another problem: there is no federal whistle-blowing legislation as there is, for

THE POWER GAME

The Taliban may be collapsing, but who will fill the vacuum in Afghanistan?

BY ARTHUR KENT



Against the Taliban, the kaleidoscope of Afghanistan's Great Game. It's only a matter of time before one or more of the regime's in-crowd like Kandahar and Kandahar defector, surrender or succumb to U.S. bombing or the ruthless intentions of its homegrown Afghan enemies.

The coal fighting over the future of Afghanistan is being waged by satellite phone and fax, by face-to-face meetings, many of them frayed affairs between old rivals of previous bloody phases of the Afghan war. This is the battle of words—promises, cajoling and tribal maneuvering. Essentially, it's a quest for dominance in whatever shogun body succeeds the Taliban regime, a scramble for turf and influence by warlords, tribal chieftains and prominent Afghan civilians who are fed up with the men of war.

The present date offers at once an unprecedented opportunity to achieve lasting peace—and a dangerously undefined, tension-filled struggle of exchanges that could easily touch off further violence. Of most pressing concern is the predicament in the capital, Kabul. The failure of the U.S. and Britain to match their military onslaughts with effective politics has resulted in two of the Afghan groups that fought most fiercely in the disastrous period of 1992 to 1996—when discord among the former anti-Soviet mujahideen parties reduced Kabul to rubble—charging headlong back to the city. There they glare at each other across the western outcrops—reportedly, in at least one incident, exchanging fire.

True, both these parties, the Pashtun elements of the Northern Alliance on one hand, and the Shi'a Muslims in Herat-Wadai on the other, seem anxious to secure

peace for their people and the nation as a whole. Speaking for the Alliance, Abdullah Abdullah, the Pashtun-born foreign minister, announced just after his troops entered Kabul: "We invite all Afghan groups at this stage to come to Kabul and to start negotiations about the future of Afghanistan." He also urged the former king, 87-year-old Zahir Shah, to end his 28 years in exile.

But Abdullah sounded a sour note, in the view of his U.S. and British allies, on the issue of an international security force for the capital. "The Taliban were the obstacle to achieving peace in Afghanistan," Abdullah told *Maclean's*. "Now that the Taliban are gone, there is no need for international peacekeeping forces."

Trouble is, for groups like Herat-Wadai, who at Shiva suffered the worst of the extremist-Sunni Taliban repression, now approach a capital that is occupied, so in 1992, only by the mainly Tajik Pashtunians, followers of the authoritarian former defence minister, Ahmed Shah Massoud. As well-intentioned as Abdullah's invitation seems, the fact is that the men with his own controlling Kabul are from only his own faction.

Kabul's new police chief is Fazel Ullah, until now top cop in the town of Charikar, the nearest Northern Alliance town to the north. When Afghans from other regions and parties look at men like Fazel Ullah, or Abdullah, or Gen. Mohammed Omar, the Alliance military chief now controlling Kabul, they see Massoud's ghost. It's a spectre that could easily ignite old enmities. While Massoud was a legend and hero to many Afghans, particularly in the northeast, to others, especially

ethnic Pashtuns, he was a maddeningly effective Tajik conspirator.

That Massoud's Pashtunists alone should occupy the capital could provoke even moderate former mujahideen commanders from other factions to go gunning for poison on the ground. Men like Haji Dini Mohammed, He's a respected commander from Nangarhar province, and the elder brother of Abdul Haq, who was executed by the Taliban for trying to merge, with the help of the Pakistan and U.S. intelligence agencies, rebellion against the regime. En route to the city of Jalalabad, captured from the Taliban by local tribal leaders last week, Dini Mohammed told journalists: "We deserve a share of control. We will fight for it if it is not offered to us."

That's a sentiment echoed elsewhere in the country. In the Taliban heartland of Kandahar, Arif Khan, a rival tribal warlord, has swooped in on the city's airport. The city of Gerdan, now capital of Paktia province, has been seized by local strongmen. If left unchecked, this trend will



In Kabul, a roadside tests of freedom

recreate the map of Afghanistan to the same crazy patchwork of feuding chieftains that troubled the Taliban, with their marra of order and conformity, no sweep to power in 1996.

In all of this, it's far to ask where are the Pashtunists war planners, and the strategists at British ministry of defence, and coalition partners such as Canada? Admittedly, the speed of the Taliban's collapse took even the Northern Alliance by surprise, but when B-52s began pounding the regime's troops north of Kabul is deeply earnest on the morning of Oct. 31, the tide of the campaign turned, and at the very least the possibility of a rout should have been



The most fighting over the country's future is now being waged by satellite phone, fax or face-to-face meetings between old rivals

among the scenarios considered by the coalition's generals and political leaders.

"We need to quickly immerse some kind of international peacekeeping force clearly needed far down the list of priorities, even through Secretary of State Colin Powell spoke of the need to make Kabul "an open city." Four days elapsed from Northern Alliance troops entering the capital until the first small force of British troops arrived at Bagram airport to begin securing the airways for larger coalition troop deployments. Even if the Northern Alliance can be persuaded to accept peacekeepers sent by the coalition or the United Nations, it could take until the last week of November

to fly them in. Meanwhile, the potential land rush of competing armed groups could spark open warfare, conditions that would make the deployment of foreign troops very risky.

The situation is not without hope, however. The dismal performance by the U.S.-led coalition on the political front could well be offset by, of all institutions, the United Nations. Usually the whipping boy of American political and military leaders, the UN has now been called on for a quick solution. The world body's special envoy to Afghanistan, Lakhdar Brahimi, is swiftly making up ground in the quest for a governing council to take charge in Kabul

The straight-talking, former Afghan foreign minister has a proven track record in bringing disparate warring factions together: it is Brahimi who is credited with bringing to Lebanon the degree of peace experienced there today. "If he can't secure a way ahead for Afghanistan," says Ahmed Fawzi, the UN's information chief in London, "nobody can." Though Brahimi is off to a delayed start, mainly because the Bush administration effectively sidelined the UN in the early stages of its bombing campaign, he packs a punch with the dozens of frequently irreconcilable Afghan groups who want a place in the upcoming table.

"In 1999," Fawzi says at an earlier stage



The crash of an American Airlines flight brought events tragically to New York City

Another day of horror

For New Yorkers, the unimaginable has become all too commonplace. Sixty-two days after the World Trade Center attack, another plane disaster, a neighbourhood in ruins, still more homes and schools. The crash of *American Airlines Flight 587* into a residential area of Queens last week, killing all 260 passengers and crew aboard as well as five people on the ground, was, by all indications, accidental. But in a city where residents have been swayed in grief, anger and dread since Sept. 11, the distinction is cold comfort. "I've never experienced anything like this in my entire life and I hope I never do again," said Cynthia Cope, who lives a block from where the bulk of the Dominican Republic-bound Airbus A300 hit the ground. "My nine-year-old thought it was his dad coming to get him. I looked at his face and it was sheer terror."

Cape was in the kitchen making breakfast at the moment of impact and feared the house was coming down around her. Her husband, Jeff, sprinted up the street to check on neighbours and family, only to discover a friend's home engulfed in flames, aircraft wreckage and bodies strewn on the lawn. Cape says her Rockaway neighbourhood, home to many fire and police personnel—by some estimates as many as 95 locals died in the

World Trade Center disaster—has been shaken to the core. "I've been to so many memorial services," she said. "It's just constant—and now this."

In Manhattan, another close-knit community was also in mourning. Washington Heights, New York's main Dominican neighbourhood, lost dozens of residents. Juan Guillen, publisher of *Dominican Times* magazine, said everybody seemed to know at least one of the victims. For many expatriates, the early-morning New York-Santo Domingo flight is a crucial link to the homeland. Guillen said a route so popular that it has been celebrated in a song by Dominican star Kinky Mendez. "It shows the joy the flight brings when it arrives," Guillen said.

Investigators recovered both of the Airbus's black boxes, and their preliminary findings pointed towards a catastrophic structural failure of the plane's tail, perhaps sped along by the turbulence of another jet. Cockpit voice recordings picked up the violent rearing of the plane's metal skeleton and, in the tense desperation of an investigation, "several comments suggesting loss of control." For those who were acquainted with the victims, however, knowing the cause does nothing to dull the pain. "It's still a tragedy," said Guillen. And, he added, given what New York has already endured, "You say, 'Jesus, where is this going to end?'"

Jonathan Garabauer

to reach peace in Afghanistan. "Lahkhar walked out on the Afghans when they refused to agree. He resigned his post, and now that he's returned, they remember that this man means business. He'll tell them directly and firmly: negotiate in good faith for a stable government, and do it now."

Because the war on terrorism has caused a seismic shift in everyone's attitude towards Afghanistan, Feroz claims, the UN has never enjoyed such strong prospects for success. Respected Afghan commentators such as Zahir Tanin agree. A doctor by profession but currently broadcasting with the BBC's Afghan-language services, Tanin says "The world community has never had such an important ally in the search for peace in my country, which is the sheer desperation of the Afghan people for an end to war and suffering. Many good people are coming forward to work with Bishara Ayupov standing in the way of putting together a peaceful governing council will be completely discarded in the view of the Afghan population."

Brishan's plan meshes well with ideas put forward by the former king and other advocates of a broad-based government for the country. A provisional council will meet, likely in Qatar early this week, composed of up to 200 representatives of various Afghan parties, regions and ethnic groups. This council will choose a smaller transitional administration, to serve no longer than two years. Its officials will travel immediately to Kabul. Near a Loya Jirga, or grand council, would approve the program and authorize the drafting of a constitution. Finally, within one to two years, a second Loya Jirga would sign on to the constitution and establish Afghanistan's first postwar government of national reconciliation and reconstruction.

There are treacherous obstacles, especially in the initial stages of Brishan's plan. Koying Kabul's air free of bullets is the first challenge, and efforts to secure this goal have revealed some startling insights—even within the one of the Northern Alliance. The movement's stellar chief, President Barakzai's Babbar, who is still officially recognized by the UN as Afghan leader due to the world community's rejection of the Taliban, was to have followed his foreign and defence ministers

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into Kabul two days after the city's capture. A third day went by, then a fourth. "Finally, the Taliban told the Alliance negotiators it is time for Rabbani to step aside. Though a gracious and highly literate man, Rabbani is seen by too many Afghans as a symbol of the failed mujahadeen government of the early '90s. 'He should remain in the north,' one senior commander said. 'His presence in Kabul would make finding a peaceful settlement very difficult, if not impossible.'"

Significantly, the Alliance leadership is appointing non-Pashtun, and non-Tajik, to posts in Kabul's interim security commission. Yousaf Qureshi, the Alliance's head of the commission, has plotted mainly Pushtun and Shiite Hazari figures on the eight-member body. His challenge now is to show that this is more than mere window dressing; the proof will come in the commission's ability to defuse potentially explosive confrontations among armed groups flaring into the city.

A darker cloud on the political horizon is cast by the regional foreign powers that have poured gasoline on the fire of the Afghan conflict for years. Pakistan, more than Iran to the west and the former Soviet republics to the north, is the most contentious party to current negotiations. Figures close to former King Zahir Shah say they're concerned that the UN's Brahmi panel has high-profile a role for



Northern Alliance soldiers, with a picture of the slain Massoud, enter Kabul

regional powers in the new council "instead of empowering the Afghans," one adviser to Zahir Shah told *Maclean's*. "The whole project will be compromised by imposing the usual regional formula that Pakistan has always insisted it must have. What's crucial now is to recognize that any government or council that tries to take control of the country without the Afghans—and the Afghans alone—are pursuing their will, cannot hope to last. Regional powers have always played a two-

game in Afghanistan. They promise the UN to go out the door, but they always come back through the window. Their presence on the council, especially Pakistan, should be extremely limited."

UN sources scoff at complaints from the king's entourage to Brahmi's assistance that he, rather than Zahir Shah and his advisers, must have the ultimate say on assembling the list of delegates to the first council meeting. However, objections to Pakistan's role are shared by many other Afghans, not least by the Northern Alliance forces who have only now vanquished the Taliban, a regime whose rise to power came largely by way of Pakistani support. The UN, as ever, will have a tricky balancing act to perform, assuaging royal and Alliance concerns while keeping Pakistan's President Pervez Musharraf on side. In this it will have the assistance of Washington's envoy, James Dobbins, who has so far managed to walk the tightrope between the king's people in Rome and the Musharraf camp in Islamabad.

But Dobbins, like the interim governing council or an international peacekeeping force, has yet to reach Kabul. With the U.S.-led coalition evidently bereft of ideas on how to maintain order until he and Afghanistan's would-be governors arrive, the world is reduced to doing what ordinary Afghans have managed to since civil war first erupted in April, 1978—hope and pray for the miracle of peace.

A QUICKENING PACE

The pace of a war that appeared to be drifting towards stalemate quickened dramatically last week, with a series of decisive military victories by the Northern Alliance and the apparent implosion of Taliban forces. Among other key developments:

- Canada just about 1,000 soldiers on 48-hour notice to leave for peacekeeping and humanitarian assistance duties in Afghanistan. The troops, mostly members of the Edmonton-based Patrimoine Québec's Canadian Light Infantry will be equipped in defense themselves, said Defense Minister IAN GAGNON, but will be withdrawn if the situation becomes too dangerous. They will join the U.S. Cavalry, elite air power and 3,000 U.S. service personnel already in or en route to the region.
- The Taliban, as well as most, abandoned eight of the 14 cities they had held legal since early August on

charges of spreading Christianity. The hostages—two Americans, two Australians and four Germans—were placed to safety by U.S. Special Forces helicopters.

■ The U.S. government claimed to have captured or killed several top members of the Taliban and Osama bin Laden's Al-Qaida network. Among those believed to be dead: Mohammed Rafi, a former politician from Egypt and bin Laden's top military adviser.

■ Northern Alliance soldiers and journalists in Kabul discovered hundreds of documents, relating to chemical, nuclear and biological weapons, in abandoned Al-Qaida "safe houses." Along with the papers was the business card for a dormant British Columbia company that made flight simulators.

■ A defiant Malik Mohammed Daud, leader of the Taliban, vowed to continue the war, telling the BBC that "the collective of America" is coming.

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'So many questions'

Charles Bronfman talks about Israel, terrorism and the world after Sept. 11

Few Canadians have a greater interest in the Middle East than Charles Bronfman. The Montreal-born businessman and philanthropist, now 70, has invested millions in business and charitable ventures in Israel, and travels there often. He spoke to *Maclean's* Editor Anthony Wilson-Smith. Excerpt.

Maclean's: How has the situation evolved in Israel since Sept. 11?

Bronfman: Attitudes have really changed twice. At first, many Israeli thought, "Now the Americans will finally understand the kind of conditions we live with all the time." I think people thought that Israel would get five min from the alliance to do whatever it thought needed to be done.

Then, within about 48 hours, a become clear that, suddenly, the conflict between Israel and Palestine was seen as only a side-show alongside a much greater conflict, and that neither side should act in a way to further mess things up. I don't think either side accepted that.

Maclean's: How do you judge the performance of the Israeli government?

Bronfman: It's a Labour government, and that is well known. [Israeli Prime Minister Ariel] Sharon's initiative in building a national-unity coalition government has been extremely important. The people in government have handled themselves very well. But there is a larger ongoing debate about what happens in future, and about the definition of what constitutes terrorism, that Israeli are being forced to confront. For example, is a terrorist who kills 21 or 22 members in a disco, as he blew himself up, considered a terrorist in the same way as someone who flies an aircraft into a building, thus killing some number of thousands? Is it intent, or scale, that matters in our definition?

Maclean's: Are you concerned that Washington, with the importance its attaches in Arab capitals of the alliance, will push Israel in a direction it might not otherwise wish to move?

Bronfman: There's no doubt that the building of an alliance comes with a some kind

of pricing. But having said that, my guess of Americans is they have this wonderful love of democracy in any form. They also love the Judeo-Christian ethic. They admire Israeli for the way they've built a functioning, thriving democracy out of the desert. So even if the administration were to look at this in cold-blooded terms—and I don't believe that's what they would do—I think the American people would let those powerful sentiments of theirs be known.

Maclean's: Have you followed Canada's actions on the Middle East closely, and if so, how do you feel about them?

Bronfman: The visit by [Canadian Foreign Minister] John Manley and [British Prime Minister] Tony Blair were so close that they almost overlapped. They both had a very hard time in Syria. It's a great thing that they both were as important to deliver the right messages from our governments to countries in that region.

Maclean's: You have significant investments in Israel. In the wake of Sept. 11, is the impetus to pull back for business reasons, or to remain there to make a sure investment?

Bronfman: Since I first became heavily involved in business in Israel in 1988, we have had a number of great successes. We've also had some hard times. I have a number of investments there in the telecom business, and they've taken a hit. What's hurt Israel more than the lack of tourism lately is the fall of the Nasdaq. Israel is a great high-tech place, so the whole fall in that sector has had a tremendous impact. Now, there's a lot of talk about the development of biotech. That's not quite the same thing, and we'll have to see what the implications are for Israel.

Maclean's: You support a wide number of charitable ventures. Have you shifted focus at all as a result of Sept. 11?



Bronfman: Not really. One of my big causes these days is Baruch's Israel, a project by which we send about 22,000 young adults to visit Israel last year. Young Canadians formed the second-largest group of that. I've also been active with the chairmanship of the United Jewish Communities. My term of office just ended. My wife is active in a venture in New York

opening up cultural and sports facilities to the families of the victims of Sept. 11.

Maclean's: Where were you that day?

Bronfman: We were in Montreal, on route to Toronto. It's funny, Montreal is my traditional home, but we couldn't wait to get to New York. We felt this tremendous pull.

Maclean's: How do you see events developing over the next while globally?

Bronfman: This ongoing war on terrorism will be a very tough go. There are so many questions. How long will the alliance hold together? How do you share up the economies of those countries that need our help to build? How do you get to the root of why these people have us so much? Politically, what is the level of resolve for a war that is so indeterminate, for the level of ongoing protection at home against terror that is required. Can countries keep working together in this way?

Maclean's: Some Muslims are extremely anti-Israel. But Jews who have experienced anti-Semitism may feel sympathy for Muslims experiencing persecution. Where do you sit?

Bronfman: Perhaps Jewish groups in North America missed the bus by not taking out ads very early to say this is not a Jewish-Muslim war, but rather a war on extremism, terrorism elements that all good people oppose. There are people in the Jewish community who worry about anti-Semitism in our society, and whether that can have negative implications in the way things unfold. I don't worry about that.

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AN ENDURING MISSION

In its 150 years, the YMCA has left an indelible mark on the spirits, minds and bodies of countless Canadians who have passed through its doors

BY SUE FERGUSON

Amongst them the image Les Charest associates with his harrowing journey out of Singapore in the spring of 1942. The Japanese had just captured the island city and were hastily sending their foreign captives to prisoner-of-war camps in Japan. "We were banded down in the holds of the ship, laid out on two layers, just like a mackerel—except we were still a bit alive," recalls the retired engineer. Fed only rice and watery soup during the six-week voyage, the 1,200 prisoners suffered everything from lice to dysentery. Twenty-seven men died. But Charest, who had spent the previous three years based in Singapore overseeing the construction of British airfields, did not succumb. The 32-year-old Silesian native forced himself to perform a daily ritual of calisthenics, the benefits of which he learned from his longtime membership in the YMCA. "I was the only one doing exercises," he says. Now 91 and living in Hamilton, Charest says he owes his survival to the Y.

Charest, who first encountered the YMCA as an eight-year-old summer camper, is just one of hundreds of thousands of Canadians to pass through the doors of this venerable organization which, this month, celebrates its 150th anniversary in Canada. The founding meeting, on Nov. 25, 1851, at St. Helen's Street Baptist Church in Montreal, drew a sizable interdenominational crowd, most under the age of 25. The mandate—"the religious and moral improvement of its members... [who provide] the means by which young men, coming as strangers into the city, may be brought under religious influences among their own kind"—inspired that of the British Y, established seven years earlier. And, as with the London organization, the Canadian Y was to be something more

than a talking club. Delivering the inaugural address to a capacity crowd three weeks later, Donald Fraser, a Presbyterian minister, set the socially activist tone. "Without some benevolent carriers a soul cannot thrive. I pray you, do not merely think and verminate talk, but do something."

Within two years, a YMCA opened in Toronto and, by the turn of the century, more than 10,000 people were members of 50 Ys in cities from Cheltenham in Vancouver beyond organizing missionary work and public lectures, only Ys operated libraries, classes in such subjects as shorthand, French and chemistry, hospitals for the poor and—beginning in 1866—delivered equipment, Bible classes and other services to soldiers.

An emphasis on physical fitness emerged in the mid-1860s and, in time, summer camps, volleyball, basketball and indoor swimming pools became Y staples. By 1913, the Galt YMCA (now the Cambridge Y) in southern Ontario offered a typical assortment of facilities: an indoor pool, gym and running track, showers, bowling alley, darkroom, meeting rooms and 30 furnished guest rooms. Syd Eccles, a member there for 80 of his 87 years, remembers a beehive of caring bears and men at the Y every Friday evening and diving into an 2.7-m-deep pool on Saturday mornings. Boys swam in the buff—a practice he says continued until the early 1940s. Until that time, although girls had begun sharing the facilities, pool times at the Galt Y were strictly segregated.

Eccles, a retired high-school math teacher, attributes the Y's longevity to its



ability to "move with the times." From opening its doors to women and girls in the 1920s, to setting up day camps in the 1960s to providing the known do-dance and school nutrition programs in more recent years, the Y has shown remarkable flexibility for an institution that predates Confederation. Today, 1.5 million people in 250 Canadian towns and cities use its facilities and services. Of those, 400,000 are mem-

bers. Vancouver's Sula Huchacek joined the Y's youth leadership program at 12. At weekly meetings, she not only developed the skills to work with and motivate others, but most importantly, she says, "I learned how to trust myself." Clearly, the Y assisted her, too. Two years later, it had the University of British Columbia psychology major join summer camp coordinators. Says Huchacek, "I don't know too many 20-year-olds who can lead a staff of peers and oversee their own budget."

Throughout the Y's evolution, it has never lost sight of its commitment to nurturing newcomers. Having fled communist Poland as a teenager, Walter Knapke arrived in Canada in 1949 at the age of 19. After working that fall on a dairy farm near Oranville, he moved into the city, landing on the Y's doorstep. There, he met other immigrants while staying, free of charge, in what he describes as a "quite simple but adequate" room until finding work a few weeks later. Says Knapke, who is now a professor in a firm that owns 10 Oranville-area restaurants: "The Y has been a big part of getting me started in Canada."

It also provided a formative experience

Green cracks in Y leader wearing a Japanese POW cap

Photo: Peter MacKenzie

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Pumping it up at an 1898 exercise class teaching physical fitness and self-discipline

for 80-year-old Reuben Cohen. The child of Russian immigrants who arrived in Moncton, N.B., in 1920, Cohen occupied the children's holdings of the public library by age 10. Banned from its adult section, he began snooping about the Y's bookshelves. It was there, he says, that he came across the terse *Finest Trail of History*, which turned him into the legal world. Cohen went on to run a successful law practice in Moncton for 52 years. Never holding an actual membership (the Y library, he points out, was open to everybody), he had an opportunity to repay his debt to the Moncton organization in 1970 when he agreed to preside over its board of directors and helped save it from near financial ruin. Cohen's other mission: to make the Y more inclusive. As a Jew at the helm of a Christian organization, he made the Y founders, he says, "turn over in their graves." But Cohen adds: "I really made them spit" when, thanks to his efforts, the region's first female and first Jewish presidents took over a few years later.

The issue of religious inclusion has historically been a matter of tension within the YMCA. Many clerics—including Pope Benedict XVI, who delivered a 1998 edict warning Roman Catholics of the Y's corrupting theological influence—disavowed the association's motives. And while clearly positioning interdenominational co-operation, the Y has periodically experienced sharp internal debates over whether membership should be open to all, regardless of belief. In 1936, a liberal leadership dropped the religious affiliation criteria.

As for Hamilton's Chant, he was in his mid-20s before he even encountered the association's affiliation with Christianity.

After losing Sakatoon in 1935 in search of a job, Chant worked his way over to England as fourth cook on a freighter. Landing in Newcastle, he made tracks for the local YMCA. The clerk greeted Chant's first question—"Which way to the pool?"—with a shake of his head. There was no pool, but would Mr. Chant be interested in twice-a-week Bible class? And that, he says, is "where I learned what the C in YMCA means."

Uninspired by its religious offerings, Chant nonetheless took other Y teachings to heart: It was not simply his attention to fitness, he says, that helped him survive 3½ years of prison camp apart from his new wife and only son. The Y also instilled in him leadership skills and a respect for his fellow man—lessons that were to pay off many times. His refusal to hate the Japanese guards, he feels, saved him from the most brutal attacks. "I got beaten up and kicked," he says, "but not nearly as badly as some of the people who showed contempt for the Japanese." Chant, who went on to become Stelco Inc.'s chief engineer in 1958, also took the lead in gaining better living conditions for his fellow prisoners, including medicine for the ill and more substantial rations.

For those back home, Y membership afforded simple pleasures. Eccles conjures up the Saturday in June, 1943, when he married his wife, Dorothy, in Hamilton. The thermometer registered a sweltering 38°C. Before donning their suits for the 5 p.m. wedding, he and his best man slipped out in search of the local Y. "We spent my last hour of freedom in the pool," Eccles recalls. Fine indeed the two young men were still swimming without any trunks.

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FEAR OF FLYING

The travel industry is anything but sunny as woes pile up for the airlines and people stay home

BY JOHN DEWONT

Everybody knows what the statistics say: you're more likely to get creamed on the capeway driving home from the in-laws than die in an airplane crash. But try telling that to the bug-eyed souls who have been crowding Paul Griesbach's office since the terrorist attacks in the United States. "Fear of flying is all about wanting to control something that can't be controlled," says the director of the Behavior Therapy Institute in Toronto, who has been helping avophobics conquer their anxiety for 25 years. Those days left a growth industry: People who normally fly with no problem are having second and third thoughts. What's more, the terror hijackings and the latest New York City air tragedy—have transformed the uneasiness an estimated 20 per cent of Canadians feel when they step on a plane into, for some, a full-blown, crippling fear. Far from a couple of stiff shins in the airport bag, it could take several sessions of therapy, Griesbach says, before those folks are willing to sit back and enjoy the flight.

Who can blame them? Authorities may be treating last week's crash of an American Airlines jet into a New York neighbourhood as an accident. But that would bolster the confidence of anyone already haunted by nightmares of terror hijackings and passenger planes exploding into flames. "You keep looking for good news in the papers to make you feel safer in the air but it doesn't come," says Keweenaw Pilgrimage, a Halifax liver specialist who recently cancelled a trip to Dallas for a medical conference in order to assuage his wife's fears.

There are plenty of reasons heads of terror to avoid flying. For starters, there are the keep-chicken-lips-up, especially in foreign airports, until increased security. Some travellers are worried about being

stranded far from home if the air-traffic system shuts down, as it did after Sept. 11. And what about the dwindling carrier choices? Last week, Canada 3000—the country's second-largest carrier—went bankrupt, leaving tens of thousands of travellers in the lurch. The biggest remaining commercial line, Air Canada, is sinking under so much debt that it recently began replacing lost breakfast with muffins on some flights to minimize costs. And even before the terrorist strikes, the global economy was staggering into recession, causing many Canadians to shelve plans to take to the air for business or pleasure. "The industry is getting hit by one blow after the other," says Martin Tiller, president of Ports of Call Travel Services Ltd., an Ottawa-based travel agency and a management consultant on travel issues. "It's going to take years to recover."

Hell get little argument there. Canadian air travel fell 17 per cent during September and October from the same period a year ago. Since the terrorist attacks, there have been an estimated 780,000 hotel-room cancellations, and thousands of layoffs within airlines, hotels, travel agencies and other travel-related industries. Experts predict the loss of revenues in the accommodation sector alone over the final quarter of 2001 to hit \$200 million, and say even that figure may prove conservative. Tour operators to hot-spot destinations in the Caribbean, Mexico, Florida and Hawaii report winter bookings are down, despite substantial price reductions. About the only bright spot is Via Rail, whose alone flying has boosted its business by 20 per cent on passenger routes between bigger cities.

No wonder the industry is fighting back as desperately. Last week, the Canadian Tourism Commission launched a \$20-million Travel Canada campaign, a television and newspaper ad blitz designed to tempt Canadians to vacation at home. Ho-

tel chains and airlines are already offering packages that combine travel, accommodations and entertainment. Tour company discounts have hit epidemic proportions in a desperate attempt to fill hotels, cruise lines and resorts left empty after people put travel plans on hold. Signature Vacations, one of Canada's largest tour operators, has even presented a new policy which, for a \$50 charge, enables travellers to change their destinations or assign their tickets to someone else if they have a change of heart. Signature now also promises a full stop credit, plus \$100, if the flight is cancelled because of terrorist activity.

For all that, it's not always a buyer's market out there. Canada 3000's bankruptcy has left many businesses and travellers with no low-cost alternative now that Air Canada has a virtual monopoly in regions like Atlantic Canada. The few remaining competitors—principally Montreal-based Air Transat and Calgary-based WestJet—say they intend to expand and offer more competition on routes. And Michel Labrecque, the former chairman of Royal Aviation, which Canada 3000 took over, has offered to buy back most of Royal for \$25 million. Even so, and many groups,

like the Association of Canadian Travel Agents, are calling on Ottawa to allow more foreign competition in the domestic air business—and many industry experts agree (page 34).

It will take more than a few new flights to get many people back into the air. Gerry Smith, a vice president with Western Shepell Consultants Corp., a Toronto-based consulting firm, says the Sept. 11 attacks have left many people "trapped by an irrational fear that the acts of terrorism are going to be repeated," which will be hard for nervous fliers to shake. "It just makes you think before you get on that plane," explains Cynthia Shupe, a mother of four living in Halifax who cancelled a flight to Paris with her husband because they feared they might be delayed in getting back. No one is expecting corporate travellers to take up the slack either. Amid the economic downturn, companies like Calgary-based TravelAir Corp. have cut all non-essential travel and are depending much more on teleconferencing and videoconferencing.

Lots of people are still travelling, of course. Bruce Ball, the head of an Edmonton-based engineering consulting firm, says he has flown to Malaysia and taken

BARGAIN HUNTING

With all the gloom in the travel industry, many operators have dropped rates drastically to attract much-needed business. This list shows selected fares to cruise and package holidays, compared with the identical offering a year earlier. The 2001/2002 package rates would be even lower if air fares hadn't spiked at full-price surcharges earlier this year.

CRUISES (passenger rates)				AIR-HOTEL PACKAGES			
AREA	WARRIOR	2000/01	2001/02	AREA	WARRIOR	2000/01	2001/02
Caribbean (seven days)	Marcel	\$1,349	\$759	Las Vegas (three nights)	Vancouver	\$549	\$349
Caribbean (seven days)	FL Lauderdale, Fla.	1,829	829	Tahiti and Oahu (seven nights)	Toronto	2,199	1,129
Panama Canal (10 days)	FL Lauderdale, Fla.	2,759	1,429	Halaguin, Cuba (seven nights)	Toronto	1,829	1,229
South America (10 days)	Edgemoor, Chile	4,299	1,929	Cosquín, Malaga (seven nights)	Montreal	1,779	1,509

seven flights within Canada since Sept. 11, because he is not about to let his life be dictated by fear. "Structurally you are at greater risk on the highway," says Ball. "I'm the kind of guy who isn't going to let this type of thing concern me too much." Still, Ball admits the recent tragedies have changed some of his personal plans. "My wife and I were thinking about travelling to the Middle East next year, but that may not happen now."

And then there's Michelle Patterson, a 21-year-old University of Toronto student, who says she's going to fly back to her home in Moncton, N.B., for Christmas—

but only because she has no other choice. Her parents refused to let her drive after the got in an accident while heading home last year. "I am petrified of flying anyway, so this didn't make it better," she says of the terrorist acts. But her roommate, Carrie Rao, thinks Patterson and others afraid of flying need a reality check. "I just say get over it," declares the 20-year-old, who has no qualms about flying home to Vancouver at Christmas. Unfortunately, many travellers—and their doctors—are going to take a long time to get over it.

With John Dewont and Sharon Doyle
Drivings in Toronto



LET AIR CANADA GO

A top airline expert calls for foreign competition on all-Canadian routes

BY PHILIP PHAN

Is there a Canadian airline industry? In the uncertainty that has accompanied 9/11, few have realized that there are hardly any domestic solutions to what is really a global problem. When Onex Corp. and Air Canada battled for control over Canadian Airlines barely two years ago, both sides wrapped themselves in the Canadian flag, as if somehow the airline industry was unique to Canada or the problems it faced were uniquely Canadian. The post-merger guarantees that Air Canada gave to the public, labour unions and government were designed to protect Canadian investors and employees, or to everyone involved. And by attempting to manage the industry without appearing to do so, the government acquiesced to the overly bold acquisitions made by Canada 3000 as it integrated, unsuccessfully, to position itself as a renaissance Canadian Airlines.

Now, there are new calls by the companies and public for government to take

further steps in returning the industry to health. I fear this will precipitate more misguided attempts to manage the unmanageable, and thus induce more inefficiency into an already broken system. In my view, the Canadian government has two choices: regulation, which will lead to higher domestic prices, less choice and a viable Air Canada—or unleash market forces, which will lead to lower prices, more choice, and the eventual control of Air Canada by a large foreign carrier.

Today, Canada has one national airline, but there is still no guarantee the monopoly will be healthier than when it was part of a competitive market. One reason is that the domestic industry is significantly smaller than the North American or global one. With 80 per cent of the population living on the border with the United States and more economic integration south of the border than in the east-west direction, there is more air traffic flowing across the border (and into Europe and Asia) than within Canada. Furthermore, the Open Skies agreements that Canada and the U.S.

signed in 1995 vastly increased the number of cross-border flights and could one day be expanded to allow American carriers to compete freely in the Canadian domestic market. Globally, Europe and Asia are also moving towards regional open skies. Those agreements favour the giant global airlines, such as American, United, British Airways and Singapore Airlines, leaving other carriers unable to fill seats.

Excess capacity is a worldwide problem, not just a Canadian one. The problem is that capacity—the number of seat miles available—is relatively easy to add (lease planes, add routes and negotiate airport slots) but extremely difficult to get rid of. Aircraft and ground handling equipment are specialized, with very low used-market values; licenses for gates and slots at airports are sometimes negotiated for 25 years; and labour contracts are rigid and very restrictive. Even the across-the-board flight reductions most airlines have made since 9/11 are problematic, since many costs, such as airport gate fees, are fixed.

Moreover, the decrease in domestic ca-

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Business

pushy through the takeover of Canadian and the demise of Canada 3000 does not mean that Air Canada is protected from the forces of global competition. On the contrary, the competition the carrier had to give because of its monopoly rule probably made it more difficult for it to compete against the world's large airlines.

Smaller airlines such as Calgary-based Westjet are less hardened with extensive labour contracts and have more appropriate equipment to serve the short-haul, low-volume, north-south business routes. Global airlines such as United or American, with significant economies of scale, are better positioned to serve the long-haul, high-volume, east-west transcontinental markets.

That leaves Air Canada exposed on its flanks, with two apparent dangers. It could drastically downsize, to new destinations, cargo, cargo, as an attempt to do this, but to work it would have to be completely spun off from the parent and freed of overhead baggage like its union contracts. Or Air Canada could massively spend by acquiring other smaller airlines, reducing excess capacity and forging a stronger transcontinental presence to challenge the big three (United, American, Northwest).

The problem with the latter strategy is that Air Canada has no money and will probably never find a financier to bankroll the effort—annual returns in this industry are dismal (averaging 3.5 per cent in its most profitable times, compared with the S&P 500's 12.7 per cent over the past decade). Thus, the carrier is doomed to enter its limbo as quasi-government subsidies and bailouts under the government allows it to be sustained by another airline.

Under any scenario, significant job cuts will ensue. The inability of Air Canada to maintain its no-fly protection after the Canadian merger had very little to do with 9/11. It has everything to do with pure economics. The point of capacity consolidation is to improve the fundamentals of the business by reducing the pressure to discount. In North America, 97 per cent of economy passengers fly on discounted fares, most of which are below the real cost of the trip. 80 per cent of profits come from business and first class, which represent only 16 per cent of capacity. Roughly a third of an airline's expenses come from fuel, over which the airline has little control, a third comes from



Smaller carriers like Westjet are better suited to handle low-volume, short-haul flights.

depreciation of fixed assets, which are long-term investments, and a third from labour, which is the most directly controllable cost component.

In the era of globalization, no talk of a Canadian airline industry is misleading. The world is increasingly being divided into regions controlled by over-expanding multinational alliances. What the pursuit of these alliances do is very much contrary to their sponsors and by their leadership (United and Lufthansa in the case of Air Canada's Star Alliance). In the transatlantic market, where most of the money is made, airlines are increasingly constrained by agreements as their service standards, route scheduling, routing services and crew base. Even their domestic schedules are increasingly co-ordinated with their international routes.

My sense is that the economic imperative will prevail and that Canada can no longer afford to pay for a flag carrier. Here's what I propose:

- Remove the airline foreign ownership limits, so it is interesting in a global industry driven only by the market's dictate of efficiency, and even encourage Air Canada to shop itself to potential acquirers. Nationalism is costly and misplaced in the airline industry—there are better places for the Maple Leaf than from the tail of a 747.
- Retain the temptation to encourage industry restructuring by imposing price controls or requiring service on unprofit-

able routes. Instead, recognize that air service to remote regions is a necessary form of transportation and offer subsidies and incentives to regional charter carriers to service these routes. They have cost structures that make them ideal for running such services. In other words, treat these routes like public transportation.

● Allow foreign competition in the form of cabotage (the right to pick up and drop off passengers from one Canadian city to another by a foreign airline) to impose a market-based, rather than regulation-based, cap on monopoly power.

● Work with the unions and management to offer job retraining, equipment, and other incentives to absorb the inevitable job losses but not to block the layoffs.

The choices are stark for Canada—either pay the price to keep begging rights for a flag carrier through higher taxes, loans and taxpayer bailouts, or allow the development of a healthy air travel network through open competition for markets and ownership.

Philip Pines, a former management professor at York University in Toronto, is now a Canadian leading expert on the airline industry. He currently holds the Benjamin Disraeli Chair in Management at Ryerson Polytechnic Institute in Troy, NY.

Should foreign airlines be allowed to compete domestically with Air Canada? www.enr.com



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Mary Janigan

Build it: they're coming

In the wake of the devastating terrorist attacks, as the nation slips into recession, so many issues have understandably fallen to the bottom of every government's agenda. But the acute shortage of rental housing is a problem that should not be ignored. Construction began on just eight rental units within the boundaries of the former city of Toronto last year; only 133 units were started in all of metro Toronto. Twelve went up in Calgary. Stay-at-homes in Winnipeg. The few developers that even go near the business usually avoid the construction of costly concrete apartment complexes. "We cannot afford to build rental housing in apartment form," says Mitchell Cohen, president of Toronto-based developer the Daniels Corp., which is putting up three-bedroom townhouses in Mississauga, Ont., with units of 34,580 a month. "The cost of construction is so high with all the levies and taxes that the rents we could charge would not cover our costs, let alone provide a return on investment."

The situation is serious—because the need is pressing. The children of the baby boomers, the baby boom echo born between 1980 and 1995, are starting to look for rooms of their own. More than 250,000 immigrants are arriving each year. Existing buildings are deteriorating. The Federation of Canadian Municipalities says the nation should be producing 45,000 units per year until 2010 just to keep pace with new demand. Instead, the supply has been pitiful. Across the country, as cities of more than 10,000 people, developers created a paltry 5,075 rental units last year. (At the same time, they put up more than 21,000 condos. Some of those were rented, too, but not often at rates the needy would consider.) By contrast, in the early 1990s, when the federal and most provincial governments still had subsidy programs, more than 27,000 rental units rolled onto the market each year.

Worse, even if developers could somehow meet today's demand, most tenants could not afford the rent. David Halchuk, director of the University of Toronto's Centre for Urban and Community Studies, has calculated that between 1984 and 1999, the median income of homeowners increased by five per cent—while the median income of renters actually dropped by three per cent. That is because, in the tough economic climate of the 1990s, many renters lacked the skills to maintain income growth, let alone search together the money for a down payment. But rents increased by 21 per cent between 1989 and 2000. And that cost is not likely to decline: competitive rental markets don't exist when vacancy rates are below three per cent. They're below that amount in many urban

centres. "Many tenants have a social need for housing," says Halchuk. "They just don't have enough money to generate effective demand. They can't pay the rents that would allow a developer to break even."

No one wants to go back to the bad old days when Ottawa put up the buildings—and managed them. It was a formula for disaster. But, belatedly, governments are inching towards a solution. Ottawa has earmarked \$680 million for housing over the next four years—and asked the provinces to match that amount. Originally, Alfonso Gagliano, minister responsible for Canada Mortgage and Housing Corp., suggested the two levels of government contribute up to \$12,500 apiece per unit as a subsidy to private developers who erect rental housing. In Ottawa, the developer would pledge to maintain affordable rents for 10 years. But the FCM calculated that such contributions would still leave the units out of reach for low-income households: the rent for a modest unit in Vancouver, for instance, would jolt up more than 30 per cent of the income of households earning less than \$55,000 per year.

So Ottawa and the provinces are now working on a compromise package—which they hope to unveil at their next meeting in Quebec City on Nov. 30. Ottawa will raise the level of the contribution for each unit—and allow

The need for affordable rental housing is critical across the country. But private developers can't deliver it.

provinces to claim credit for existing programs such as Quebec's Accès-Logis, which provides social housing subsidies. Provinces, in turn, are bringing cities into the partnership. Fewer units will be built—but they will be more affordable.

Differing provinces will also be able to use the money in different ways. Newfoundland wants to renovate existing housing stock. Winnipeg has devised a remarkable program to help North End families purchase their own homes—an initiative which is reducing the twin ills of absentee landlords and drug dealers. "We want to start construction as soon as we can," says a senior federal official. "We have been very flexible."

Most important, Ottawa and the provinces have put together a group to find longer-term solutions. Last year, the federal government joined the GST on construction materials for rental housing—and it is also backing rental housing with its \$2.65-billion affordable housing program. Now, both levels of government are looking at banks, ranging from local GST elimination on rental construction materials to a cut in the cost of CMHC mortgage insurance. Budgets are tight. But this must be a priority. "Unfortunately, the only market solution for affordable housing today is a dream," says Toronto councillor David Miller. "This is a place where you need government." ■



Donald Cox

The long-bond shortage

The notation "30" is, or was, the way copy editors at newspapers marked the end of a story. I recall when the *Boston Herald* ceased publication, the headline on its last edition was simply "30." It was the end of the *Herald*, but, as we would swiftly learn, the beginning of the *Star*. This time, it is a notable marker for the ending of one long-running story and the beginning of another.

Last month, the U.S. treasury department issued *Wall Street* with the announcement it was "suspending" issuance of 30-year treasury bonds, the so-called long bond. It handled this momentous announcement sloppily, sending it to a group of reporters an hour before issuing a press release, thereby letting some big traders reap huge profits by buying existing long bonds.

What ensued was the biggest rally in long-term bonds since the stock market crash in 1987. Existing long bonds leapt 5 1/2% points, as yields fell from 5.32 per cent to 4.87 per cent (because bond prices move inversely to yields).

A casual reader would conclude the drop in long-term interest rates was not the real story. It was the lesser wonder of Treasury Secretary Paul O'Neill. Mr. O'Neill suffers from three disabilities: first, he succeeded Larry Summers, a well-regarded secretary; second, he comes into office two years after the resignation of Robert Rubin, widely considered one of the greatest treasury secretaries since Alexander Hamilton; third, he is politically toxic dead. (After the World Series, when gentleman Yankee Paul O'Neill retired, pundits observed that the wrong Paul O'Neill was retiring.)

The casual reader misses the important story: the plunge in U.S. long-term interest rates does more to help the beleaguered U.S. economy than all the stimulus packages considered by Congress. The long and the short of it is this: long-term interest rates are far more important than short-term interest rates to homeowners and to corporations considering capital spending. Together, those over-indebted sectors consume approximately three-quarters of the economy. Substantial assistance to them is substantial assistance to the U.S.—and the world—economy.

U.S. homeowners have responded to the bond boom by refinancing their mortgages at record rates: the lowest interest rates for fixed 15- and 30-year mortgages in a generation and the greatest number of mortgages being refinanced. (An American homeowner with an adjustable record of meeting monthly payments can refinance his or her mortgage at any time without notice, simply by paying the servicing charges.)

What few observers have noted is that the treasury's decision comes at a time when the financial world is beginning to face a new kind of challenge: a long-term shortage of long-term bonds. When I entered the investing business three decades ago, one of the first rules I learned about bond management was "the bond crop never fails." This was the grim reality in an era of soaring deficits and soaring inflation. The longer the term of the bond, the more vulnerable it was to inflation and to governments' insatiable demands for funds.

Since the Reaganists and Paul Volcker vanquished inflation, long-term government bonds have been wonderful investments, even when the bond crop was bountiful during the U.S. military buildup. In the 1990s, inflation kept falling, and so did deficits, but the volume of maturing debt meant new long-term issues kept coming, albeit in smaller size.

Now, the crop has failed. That is a double whammy for pension funds, insurance companies and (would you believe?) investors. The liabilities of these organizations, which must account for future payouts, go up when long-term interest rates go down, so they are scrambling to get long-term products to fund those liabilities. What happens is a leap in what bond managers and accountants call duration—the sensitivity of a portfolio investment or liability to a change in interest rates. (A bond's duration affects both its maturity and to compare a low-coupon bond has a higher duration than a high-coupon bond, because it takes less for an investor to get back his or her money. Cash, on the other hand, has zero duration.)

Across the world, financial institutions with long-duration liabilities are wondering where they're going to get product. Apart from the U.S. and Canada (and the province), few governments in the world issue meaningful quantities of bonds with maturities greater than 10 years (with durations approximating merely 5.5 years). Meanwhile, deflationary forces are accelerating globally, putting further downward pressure on long-term interest rates. The U.S. Producer Price Index (PPI) fell a record 1.6 per cent in October; Japan's Wholesale Price Index fell back to where it was in 1979; Britain's PPI is down 0.6 per cent for the past year, the biggest drop on record.

The best story during increasing deflation is a long-duration bond. The treasury is making such bonds collectors' items. These are the best times for long-duration bond investors—and the worst of times for money-market investors. ■

Donald Cox is a chairman of Harris Investment Management in Chicago and Toronto-based Jones Harvest Investments.

With the suspension of 30-year treasuries, even lotteries are scrambling to find long-term investments

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MAGICAL MYSTERY TOUR

Photos of the Beatles and other Sixties icons give Edmonton a blast from the past

BY DEIAN BERGMAN

All you need is love.
—The Beatles, 1967

Once upon a time, it was that simple. Or was it? When John Lennon first sang those lyrics, Vietnam was at its bloody zenith and antiwar sentiment on the home front ran as fierce as a wildfire. A year later, Martin Luther King and Robert Kennedy would fall to assassin's bullets, flooding a deep sense of loss and uncertainty—not unlike our present times. Back then, the Beatles' music acted as both a reference point and a balm, leading a generation together in the belief, however naive, that there would be a better way. So where are the Beatles now when we need them?

Well, would you believe in Edmonton? On Nov. 17, the Provincial Museum of Alberta opened *Sixties*, a multimedia exhibition anchored by two major photo collections. The first, in its premiere Canadian showing, is Linda McCartney's *Sixties—Points of an Era*, a selection of 50 photographs taken mostly between 1966 and 1968, including shots of the Beatles and other pop-music icons such as Jimi Hendrix, Janis Joplin and Janis Joplin. The second is *The Beatles Backstage and Behind the Scenes*, 71 images recently discovered in the archives of CBS—65 of them never before exhibited. These black-and-white shots document the Beatles' foray to New York City and their iconic appearance on *The Ed Sullivan Show* on Feb. 9, 1964.

When the Linda McCartney show finishes its eight-week run in January, it will be replaced by *Spirit*



PHOTOGRAPHS BY LINDA MCCARTNEY: JOHN MCCARTNEY; JOHN MCCARTNEY AND LINDA MCCARTNEY

Photography

of a Generation: Dylan, the Beatles and Woodstock, an exhibition of the work of Flickr Landy, the official photographer of the 1969 Woodstock festival. The reason for packaging all the displays in a playful manner, with 190 songs, many of them Beatles classics, acting as a sound track.

Stories in the brainchild of Tim Willis, the Provincial Museum's British-born assistant director, Willis, 48, a longtime Beatles enthusiast, went to Sir Paul McCartney in the fall of 1998 asking that the Linda McCartney collection, then touring the United States, have a Canadian showing. Willis persisted not just to display the photos, but also to tell the story of the era from which they sprang. Four months later, he received the go-ahead. Then, last fall, a staff member with CBS-TV in New York contacted Willis about the recently discovered photos and asked if he would like to be the first to exhibit them. CBS also put him in touch with Landy. "So it's all had a lovely evolution," says Willis, "and grown into something that was meant to be."

Willis believes Sixties will remind people that the former Linda Eastman, one of the first photographers for *Rolling Stone* magazine, lived a headlong career before she met and married the cute Beatle (Linda died of cancer in April, 1998). More important, he thinks the CBS and McCartney photos provide perfect backdrops for the turbulent '60s. Though spanning only a few years, the photos demonstrate how much the Beatles and the times changed, as the Fab Four transitioned from the fresh-faced lads who conquered America in 1964 to the bearded, belatedly soulful who disbanded at the end of the decade. "The Beatles," says Willis, "are a mirror to the 1960s."

No one of a certain age can look at these images without being engorged by memories. Although only eight years old at the time, I can clearly recall huddling around the family's black-and-white TV set—in Edmonton, coincidentally—on this Sunday evening in 1964. Ed Sullivan was a staple in our household, but nothing in the comely antics of Wop Cingo or the crankings of Jimmy Durbin could have prepared me for this. Each time Ed Sullivan opened the group's incoherent appearance, tearful screams erupted. When the Liverpool quartet took the stage, the swelling sound drowned out the infectious chords



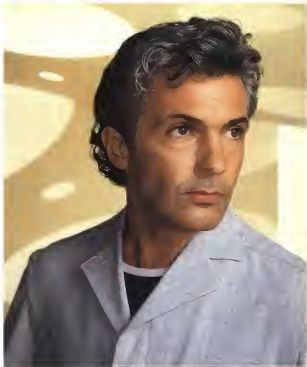
and lyrics of *All My Loving*, *I'll Follow You Into Your Eyes*, *She Loves You*, *I Saw Her Standing There* and *I Want to Hold Your Hand*.

I could hardly have articulated it at the time, but some part of me knew the ground had shifted and things would never be quite the same. I loved the music, but it was more than that. There was a beat in the air that, for me at least, never quite disappeared. Over the years, I've returned time and again to the Beatles music. Some part of it is nostalgia. Can anyone really listen to the catchy refrain of *The Naggy Naggy* and *Don't Look Back* without remembering for a time when pleasures were so simply defined, and easily attained? But the Beatles also took us to deeper, darker places, whether it be McCartney's "all the lonely people" in *Eleanor Rigby*, or Lennon's world-weary—and poignant—lament that "the way things are going, they're going to crush me" from *The Ballad of John and Yoko*.

Though it all, though, there was a strong streak of joy and hope, which I think helps

explain the Beatles' enduring appeal. My own children, Daniel, 9, and Julian, 7, are fine Daniel, who learning to play some of the songs on guitar, also became Beatles music, or the corruption custom he likes to make (noodle) why he wants his old man). On one recent tape, he included Lennon's Vietnam-on-chance, *Give Peace a Chance*. It's a song I always considered unnecessary for someone of Lennon's talent. But right now, it sounds all right. Like most bright children his age, Daniel is vaguely aware of the strife that struck close to home on Sept. 11, and the war raging abroad. There are worse things he could be listening to than "give peace a chance."

For Willis, the Sixties exhibit is reaffirming how the Beatles' influence spans not only generations, but cultures. One recent evening he encountered a museum chaperone, a woman from St. John's, who told him "the hair on her arm" stood up when she heard Beatles music at work. In her youth, she explained, she and her friends didn't understand the lyrics but used to sing along phonetically. It's proof again, if proof be needed, that not even a group of English is required to enjoy the Beatles. All you need is love. ■



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Sports

FOOTBALL STRIKES BACK

The Grey Cup lands in a city that loves a party, and is mad about the game

BY JAMES DEACON

It has become a tradition at the end of Canadian Football League seasons to check for injuries. Franchise collapses, jailed team owners, the sort of thing. This year, though, the only truly ugly web is in double-blue Toronto, where the Argos suffered heavy financial losses, leaving team owner Sherwood Schaefer to wonder if it would be cheaper to just walk away. The city's so-called sports fans stayed away in droves even though Schaefer hired the famed Pat Riley to coach from the sidelines and had the brilliant running back Michael Jenkins setting records on the field. The team stunk for the first half of the season, and Jenkins made some rookie-coach mistakes. But even when the Argos started winning games, too-cool Torontonians couldn't find enough snob appeal in a mediocre game that is inequitable and fun to watch. Their loss.

And Montreal's gain. No one in the CFL is going to find any pain this week amid the reliably outrageous Grey Cup celebrations. There'll be Calypso on the homebats, green-faced Saskatchewan fans, jam-packed Spirit of Edmonton parties and a five-over \$1-million Grey Cup "village," at Place du Canada downtown, that will act as a massive civic hospitality suite. All in a city that is an excellent place to party at any time, and in a province where football has experienced a sweeping revival—organizers sold out the controversial, 65,255-seat Olympic Stadium. Locals would have preferred to cheer on the home-town Alouettes, who began the year as prohibitive favourites to take part in the Grey Cup but fell out of contention after inexplicably losing their last eight games. Al fans will have plenty of opportunities to drown their sorrows, though. It



When the CFL lost its top quarterbacks, fans stepped up

was during some long-ago Grey Cup week that someone decided beer goes well with pancake breakfast. "It's going to be fantastic, unlike anything we've ever done before," Alouettes CEO and president Larry Smith says of the Cup party plans. "There'll be people all over the place."

Montreal turnaround is still difficult to fathom. On the financial ropes four years ago when they last called the Big Owe home, the Alts have sold out their last 28 games since moving to Molson Stadium, now sporting 19,601 seats. The explosion of interest coincides with a football boom all around Quebec. Kids programs in clubs and at schools are booming in the south—Smith likes to tell the story of a high school in Mont-Joli, Que. (population 5,367) that recently raised more than \$100,000 to build a field and start a team. Following the

success of Université Laval, which won the 1999 Varsity Cup for college supremacy only four years after the program was established, both the Université de Montréal and the Université de Sherbrooke are planning to add football programs. As a Quebecer, Smith says, the Cup festivities are a chance to "celebrate not only the success of our team, but the resurgence of interest in football in this province. It's incredible."

CFL commissioner Mike Lyke would tell for a similar burst of enthusiasm in Toronto. But he also knows things could be a lot worse. Last season ended with concerns about yet another start-up football league (the unlicensed and unacquired XFL), stalling away silent. It's a sensitive subject around the CFL in the footsteps of superstars Doug Flutie and Jeff Gaudin, quarterbacks Dave Dickenson from Calgary and Henry Burris from Saskatchewan, were lured south last winter by the big-bucks National Football League.

The feared upsurge of fast-rising talent, however, didn't occur. In fact, since Flutie's last year in 1997, both TSN and CBC have enjoyed 72- and 21-percent increases, respectively, in TV ratings of their coverage of CFL games. And rising star talent such as quarterback Khan Jaxon in Winnipeg and sack-freak Jermaine in Toronto stepped in to become stars. On the business side, the league boosted revenues by adding several major sponsors, and Lyke and the CFL government renewed a franchise in Ottawa, bringing to nine the number of teams that will kick off in 2002. To potential marketing partners, Lyke says, "We now have the position of being the only truly national sports league in Canada." With that prognosis, the focus of Grey Cup week can turn from the league's health to the game itself. That is, if fans can tear themselves away from the parties. **D**



HARRY GOES HOLLYWOOD

The film version of *Harry Potter and the Philosopher's Stone* arrives in style

BY BRIAN BETHUNE

By now there can scarcely be an adult, let alone a child, in the Western world who doesn't know the story of *Harry Potter*. Bush stories: One is the tale of the mistreated orphan boy who discovers he's a wizard and ends up, to his wide-eyed wonder, at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. There, in four spellbinding novels, Harry makes friends and enemies, demonstrates his skill at the exciting school sport of Quidditch and

battles the evil Lord Voldemort, killer of his parents. And then there's the equally mythic story of the Potter phenomenon, this one involving Harry's motherly creator, J. K. Rowling, the single mom on welfare who wrote the first novel in a Scottish café with her baby on her lap. That saga coincided with the sale of 100 million copies, and the fervent excitement surrounding the publication of the most recent installment in July, 2000.

That kind of pop-culture status made a movie both inevitable and a potential

minefield. For nervous producers, the devil was certainly in Harry Potter's details. Never before has a kids' movie been aimed so huge an audience, so many of whom already knew the story inside out. Now that *Harry Potter and the Philosopher's Stone*, all 143 suspenseful ruminations of it, has finally arrived in theaters, the filmmaker's strategy is clear: include as much as possible and, above all, make it *look* good. And that it does. *Philosopher's Stone*, in fact, is nothing short of spectacular. With all the lavish production values that

a budget of \$190 million can buy, Warner Bros. and director Chris Columbus have brought Harry to the screen with an attention to detail that can hardly fail to impress the waiting millions. Hogwarts is magnificent, inside (thanks to a luminous Glaxo-sponsored cathedral) and out. The rambunctious life of Diagon Alley, particularly the sharp-nosed and sharper-tongued goblins of Gringotts bank, is perfect. The catlike Dursleys, Harry's Muggle relatives, are unforgoingly nice. Quidditch, so hard to visualize from the printed page, comes soaringly alive.

The screen, too, fits the bill. From Richard Harris as the wise old headmaster, Albus Dumbledore, to John Hurt's enigmatic



Harry, Ron and Hermione (above) are as sweet as the other first-year students as they approach Hogwarts castle

cameraman as wand-waker Ollivander, the adult roles feature a *Wish Upon a Star* of British stars. (Both actors claim their offspring made them do it, with Harris saying his 11-year-old granddaughter Ella would never speak to him again if he turned down the role.) The cast also includes Maggie Smith, who always makes a superb teacher—in this case, Professor McGonagall—and Scottish actor Robbie Coltrane, who does a stellar job as Hagrid, the giant groundskeeper with a heart of gold. Alan Rickman, in movie blurbs like to say, is the menacing Professor Snape, and screams into his potions class as though he was actually playing the Sheriff of Nottingham about to cancel Christmas in *Robin Hood*.

Meanwhile, the three neophyte child leads—Daniel Radcliffe as Harry, with Rupert Grint and Emma Watson as his friends Ron and Hermione—also star their roles. Not that the performances are uniformly first-rate. Harris seems very sleepy indeed in some parts, and when director Columbus praised Radcliffe's "tendency to play things so subtly," he may have been referring to a certain lack of range. But really, who cares? In terms of pure directorial, to make no child's visual imagination, *Philosopher's Stone* is a feast for the eyes.

As for what's in and what's been left out, something had to go in Rowling's rambunctious narrative. Some of the changes

are of the repudious sort that always mark book-to-film adaptations. Harry, early on, finds a snake from a zoo—a Brazilian boa constrictor in the novel, a Burmese python in the movie. Perhaps the python was more photogenic. Most omissions and corrections, however, are more subtly understandable. The leechy subplot about Norbert, Hagrid's Norwegian Ridgeback dragon, is reduced to a few minutes of screen time, just long enough for his beloved pet to set the groundskeeper's beard on fire, which is not in the book. The same goes for the film's two blades with one scabbard—a nod to the popular Norbert and an easy laugh for the movie. (The Potter stories are extremely funny, but Rowling's literary humor is not easy to portray visually.) Erasing on the side of inclusiveness does have its drawbacks, though. Were the stakes not so high—if the *Philosophers* weren't so worried by the thought, as Coltrane put it for himself, of being pursued by millions of children shouting "There's the guy who turned Hagrid, let's get him!"—they could have made a shorter and smoother movie.

Another result of Warner Bros.' obsession with details is that, like the novel, the film in Canada bears the story's original name, unlike the American version, known as *Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone* (U.S. publisher Scholastic thought the philosopher's stone, a well-known bit of alchemical lore, was too obscure a reference for American readers.) A discrepancy in book titles is one thing, but it's unprecedented in the modern era for a major Hollywood studio



Headmaster Dumbledore, Professor McGonagall and groundskeeper Kagrid are key figures in Harry's magical world, where nothing the Dursleys try to stop the owl post, and flying lessons taught by Madam Hooch (Dolores Umbridge) are on the school curriculum

to thrill of Canada in anything other than as a neighbor of the U.S. The cross-border distinction came about last summer when Allan MacDougall, president of Rowling's Canadian publisher, Raincoast Books, made the request to the author's agent, Christopher Little, "even though I knew it couldn't be done." Some words later, without any official announcement, the Canadian name for the film—*Philosopher's Stone* instead of *Sorcerer's*—came into use.

In the eyes of a child

BY CAMERON MACQUEEN

When I read *Harry Potter and the Philosopher's Stone* in 1996, I was nine years old, and I knew my favorite book. I had many exciting languages in my mind of the adventures, of Hogwarts school, but most of all of Quidditch, the game that witches and wizards play after you read the book. It's hard to imagine how the game is played. But you can picture the game in your mind, but after you see the movie you have such a better idea of how this game works. Quidditch is a fast-paced game that is really dangerous.

When I saw the movie preview of *Harry Potter and the Philosopher's Stone*, lots of the characters looked different than I imagined. Even though the book implies that Draco Malfoy is a villain, I saw him as a black-haired guy. But he still was a jerk. *Headmaster Dumbledore* and *Headmaster McGonagall* seemed almost the same to me. It was weird as they did fit the movie. The movie made the magic spells look pretty real, but the books' flying lessons really look like the *Harry Potter* in the book seemed even real than the did in the movie. *Grand Eclair* seemed to be just a bit pretending to be a wizard.

At the start, when the first-year Hogwarts students came up to be sorted into their houses—either *Gryffindor*, *Hufflepuff*, *Ravenclaw* or *Slytherin*—the talking sorting hat that enters the throne

It made no difference to the filming itself, since there was always going to be a distinct British version—scenes that mentioned the troublesome scene were simply shot twice.

When the role change had an impact is in the merchandising realm. North American manufacturers and distributors have mostly stuck with generic *Harry Potter* labels for such products as Lego dinosaur model of Hogwarts (\$1.90) and \$10 bags

of Bertie Bott's Every Flavor Beans. (The Muggle version of the beans, parents will be thankful to learn, does not include some of the tastes offered wizards and witches—venom and earwax come to mind—although beans do risk canine and hamster-like.) Not that the licenses, all counting on a massive pre-Christmas surge in demand, are liable to begrudge having to spend a few extra dollars for Canadian packaging. Such is the *Harry Potter* gold mine that Coca-Cola more than covered the cost of the film, paying \$225 million for sponsorship rights, roughly what it put out for the Sydney Olympic Games. (Rowling, however, won't allow Harry's face on Coke cans.)

Brilliant in its appearance, and cunning in its inclusiveness, *Philosopher's Stone* will delight its intended audience. So why then does it feel, immediately after the conclusion, like a war but easy spirit-sugar confection? Kids loving the preview show weren't disarming for a movie sequel but for the next book in the series (due, if Rowling manages to keep to her self-declared schedule of a year ago, by next spring). Beneath the surface details of Harry's world—the magic, action and humor so effectively caught by the film—the Potter series include elements from the whole spectrum of children's literature. Growing up, the pain of being different, the loss of loved ones, school and school relationships—these are the books, the real reason children find the novels so utterly absorbing.

The boarding school story is particular to one of the most enduring and emotionally satisfying sub-genres of children's literature, and Rowling tells it as well as anyone ever has. Two years after *Peter Rabbit* exploded in North America, Harry's charmed life continues. For all the glaze of his bag-of-ecstasy appearance, its main effect is to send kids back to reading.

Cameron MacQueen is the son of Maclean's Summer Bureau Chief Ken MacQueen

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Books

When hockey was holy

OUR LIFE WITH THE HOCKEY

By Roch Carrier
Translated by Sheila Fischman
Penguin, 304 pages, \$35

There are sounds that capture the essence of life in northern climes—a shiver going against concrete steps, ones whirling out of an icy rut. But nothing sounds quite so Canadian as the hiss of blades and the clatter of sticks on ice, or the booming echo of a puck bouncing off the wooden boards of a lonely outdoor rink. *Winter Hockey* The true north among and cold. This is where Roch Carrier's book comes from. He grew up in an isolated village in Quebec, where boys gathered on the rink to play as being Maurice Richard every day between school and supper. "Some of my friends don't have shoes, in the winters everyone has skis," Carrier writes.

Men who grew up in Canada can be surprised by the hockey players they remember from when they were boys, collecting players' cards in bubble-gum packs. Ed Linenberger, a second-care player for Montreal and Chicago in the 1950s, is still part of my cultural baggage. Carrier, 64, the prolific author of such *CanLit* monuments as *Le Garçon, le Ski* and *The Hockey Stories* is of times. Lachy vintage. He grew up in the Rockies was playing on the Canadian's fabled Patch Line, with Lachy and Toe Blake.

The title says it all. *Our Life With the Hockey* is the story of that era—from the end of the Great Depression to 1960—as told by a smart little boy who discovers himself, and the world, while practicing wild, down-the-ice rushes, and wily backhand shots à la Maurice Richard. Young boys have heroes. So does this book. "We're taller now, stronger, more important," Carrier writes. "Maurice Richard has scored two goals. We have scored two goals. The new school week weighs lightly on our shoulders. We're all Richies. When we meet adults, they can see that we are champions."

This is not a standard biography of Maurice Richard, the scrappy, fiery bully with the crazy eyes, who was the greatest hockey player of his time, and perhaps of

all time. There are few quotes from him. Dates and years are of secondary importance. But all the big games when Richard scored four or five goals, the playoff marauds, the historic brawl he was infamous for, are described in exhaustive detail. For the people of that time, hockey was more than entertainment, it was religion. And Richard was more than a great player and a hothead. He was a hero. A national hero. A hero of mythical proportions. One of the few French-Canadians of his time who could be better than the best of them in the Big World, out there, the world where people spoke English, a language that Richard barely spoke and understood until later in his life.



Richard was a deity for French-Canadian boys

Televison was still a novelty back when the Rockies flew highest. Back when cars were huge and black, and men wore felt fedoras in summer, when Montreal spoke English and French-Canadians were second-rate citizens. Paris loomed to the radio and lived through the action in their imagination. Heroes lived solely in their fan hearts. This is what the book conveys so well. My Maurice Richard was not your Maurice Richard, but he was *our* Maurice Richard.

Effective writing is not so much about describing or explaining. It is about communicating—in this case who Richard was, what he meant to his fans, and how people at the time felt. lived. Roch Carrier is a wonderfully effective writer.

Deborah Asch

HOW HARD IS IT TO BE A NOTHING
A CHILD EXPLAINS.



My name is Rose Duran. I got pregnant at 14. I was confused and sad because the baby's father had broken up with me. I didn't know what to do. I had a vision for my life. Travel, a career, make something of myself. But my world came crashing down around me. While my friends were going out, having fun in high school, I was busy breastfeeding, soothing a baby, changing diapers and dealing with despair. I know I made a mistake. So my nurse suggested I go to United Way. There, I attended classes that helped me become a good parent at a very young age. I'm fine now. I've made it. Vanessa is 5 years old and I love her more than anything. She is everything to me. If you ever wanted to know what happens to the money that you give United Way, remember us. It helped us receive the love, support and faith that saw us through. Today, I have a great job and the confidence to do anything I want to.

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Read the programme with Louise Warrington, 88 online
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The past 100 years, seen through Brander's eyes and reflected with Swetsworth's wit and compassion, is inextricably linked to the river. And as Brander chronicles the changes in the Red, Swetsworth—two floods and finally a move to Winnipeg later—still longs for its companionable "You know when there is a landscape that imprints itself on you?" says Swetsworth. "I love how difficult it is."

Twisted, and irresistible

Roch Thériault, missions Bernier Zukerman, is not the focus of *Savage Menah*. Zukerman, producer of the movie, insists the story he's filming, based on the book of the same name by acerbic Montreal journalist Ross Leroy and Paul Kibula, is about a social worker. She's an "edgy woman transformed into a hero" who rescues Thériault's 20-odd children from their



Picard's portrayal of Thériault is effusive, bordering effusive.

Lindsay, Ont., commune, he says. Bernier actor Polly Walker (*Evans*, 8%) plays the social worker and theoretically she's the star. But evil, it seems, is more fascinating than good, and since the movie started shooting last month in Que-

bec, there's been something of a feeding frenzy in the province's metropolitan media—and the focus is Thériault. The charismatic outlander, now wearing a life sentence, has been making headlines since the 1980s, when he proselytized over a commune in rural Quebec, fathering children with several "wives" and, after a court ordered him to stay away from the children, transforming the whole message to the Lindsay area. A minor manipulative Thériault managed to work the system in Ontario even as his violence escalated: a baby froze to death, a male follower was castrated, a woman had her arm ampu-

ated, amputated after he dismembered her in an "operation." The horror came to light only in 1993, after children's and workers' organizations in the movie into Walker's role persisted in their investigation, despite official discouragement.

The pace is pretty much leaving Walker to her work, but writing feature after feature on Thériault. Of course, it doesn't hurt that Quebec singer Luc Pléau is making his English-language debut in the part. Nor that Zukerman made the focus their the "cinematic" interest in his reader-TV movie means there is now talk of a theatrical release.

Great War wounds

It can take generations for a society—or a family—to work the various after-effects of a major war out of its system. In David French's new play, *Soldier's Heart*, playing at Toronto's Langham Theatre until Dec. 10, it's been a mere eight years since Elias Marcor (Oliver Becker) survived the annihilation of his Newfoundland regiment in the 1916 Battle of the Somme. Harrowed by his father's emotional numbness, 16-year-old Jacob (Daren Kaye), sets out to uncover his memories of the Great War, finally exorcising a hair-raising tragedy that also involves an uncle who died in the same battle. This is great material, but French, the author of the Canadian stage classic *Leaving Home* (1972), has burdened his script with so much historical information that his characters sound rather like museum guides in period costume. With its wooden dialogue and embarrassing faux-isms (semantics), *Soldier's Heart* offers a feeble response to one of the most agonizing conflicts on record.

John Brumley



Lethal reverberations

Who is to think that war ends when the fighting stops? But after decades of peace, caution continues to mount through a legacy of land mines, unexploded bombs and lethal toxins. That's the single best devastating message of *Aftermath: The Victims of War*, a timely documentary now produced by the National Film Board and airing on History Television (Nov. 28, 9 p.m.). Directed by Sandra Hausman and David Schulkin, it visits former killing fields in France, Bosnia, Viet Nam and Russia—noting that the 20th century was



Sweeping for mines in Sarajevo
existed's most violent era, with a toll of more than 100 million war dead.

France provides some of the most startling scenes. About 20 million unexploded shells have been recovered there since 1946. In 1993, the last

year the French government found records, 26 Germans were killed by rapid advances—some left over from the First World War. The French government estimates it will take 700 years to make the country safe. Meanwhile, the film's Russian segment has a Polish-like grave-digger collecting bones from the Battle of Stalingrad, and the most harrowing footage shows grotesque deformities among the half million Vietnamese children poisoned by the defoliant Agent Orange. Now, as the bombs rain down on Afghanistan, a country already riddled with land mines, *Aftermath* affords a chilling view.

John D. Johnson



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Entertainment Notes

Worth 1,000 words

Surprisingly enough, Canada's car-
toonist didn't dedicate the whole
of 2000 to Stuckell. Day and his wit-
nits. But the arthritic Canadian Al-
bion leader still made the cover of
*Portfolio 17: The Year's Best Canadian
Editorial Cartoons* (McClelland &
Stewart). Even so, the passing of Pierre
Trudeau in September meant that
Day's ruckus has money. Other notable
entries include pop-diva Céline
Dion and her baby, the marriage of
Tory Leader Joe Clark and the
signs of Prime Minister Jean Charest
and the *Asbestos* scandal. Editor Guy
Béliveau, editorial page cartoonist for
Ottawa's *Le Droit* newspaper, shows
pieces from more than 40 of his peers.
Some, like the *Montreal Gazette*'s
Ales, are not only collected, but man-
aged to be the funniest—especially the
funniest.



Best-Sellers

Fiction	Percentage Last Week
1. CLASH AT BAY, Michael Ondaatje (2)	2
2. THE PERRY FORDS, David Shields (2)	3
3. THE SHINE CURTAIN, Lawrence Sanders (2)	4
4. BROTHERHOOD OF BROTHERS, LINDSEY HARRISON, Eric Brown (2)	1
5. THE CONFESSIONS, Jonathan Safran Foer (2)	1
6. THE WINDMILL, Lawrence Sanders (2)	4
7. AMERICAN, Lawrence Sanders (2)	20
8. BROTHERHOOD, Michael Ondaatje (2)	1
9. THE LAST SONGS, David Shields (2)	2
10. WINDMILL, Timothy Taylor (2)	2

Nonfiction

5. THE NEW YORK TIMES, THE NEW YORK TIMES, David Shields (2)	3
6. WINDMILL, Lawrence Sanders (2)	1
7. WINDMILL, LAWRENCE SANDERS, vol. 1 David Shields (2)	1
8. THE FUGITIVE, Lawrence Sanders (2)	3
9. THE FUGITIVE, Lawrence Sanders (2)	3
10. THE FUGITIVE, Lawrence Sanders (2)	3
11. THE FUGITIVE, Lawrence Sanders (2)	3
12. THE FUGITIVE, Lawrence Sanders (2)	3
13. THE FUGITIVE, Lawrence Sanders (2)	3
14. THE FUGITIVE, Lawrence Sanders (2)	3
15. THE FUGITIVE, Lawrence Sanders (2)	3
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17. THE FUGITIVE, Lawrence Sanders (2)	3
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20. THE FUGITIVE, Lawrence Sanders (2)	3

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Sorry, it's a holiday

A strange thing happened in Ottawa on Monday Nov. 12 (i.e., it wasn't a strange thing because it was Ottawa). Yet another huge American passenger jet—fifth in two months—had gone down. No one knew, of course, whether it was another terrorist attack, American Airlines Flight 587 mysteriously plunged to earth within minutes of its New York City takeoff.

In our nervous times of crisis, Canadian reporters naturally phoned our people to find out what was going on. Obvious contacts were our perceptive transport minister, David Collier, and our unmovable defence minister, Art Eggleton, with their countless taxpayer-paid minutes of continuous offices, public relations exercises, barbers and phone operators at the ready. It seemed no one could get through.

It seemed, wouldn't you know, this was Remembrance Day weekend in Canada. And Monday was paid federal holiday. Meaning many missions didn't have to come to work until Tuesday. The switchboard at Foreign Affairs was swamped with frantic calls on whether Canadian relatives were on the doomed plane. There still available from other government departments took hours to answer calls, making it clear they were not happy to be sidetracked on their day off.

It would be the same excuse given, it being the same long weekend, when Canada 3000 collapsed. "It was a long weekend and the government went home," explained someone involved in the around-the-clock struggle to save Canada's second-largest airline that was forced into bankruptcy on Remembrance Day. "When they decided to go home and there was no one to negotiate with, you knew their interest wasn't there."

That's Ottawa, the town that has forgot, where long weekend holidays mean more than wars or downed planes. A typical maddening performance from a government with tired leadership from a party that has been in power too long and has no real opposition.

The fat and dead-man-walking performance of the Prime Minister in the weeks since Sept. 11 has reached the point that there are now open calls for Paul Martin to come out from behind the curtain and declare, firstly, that he will be a candi-



date for the Liberal leadership if it ever comes open. The only strong performer on the front bench, he, of course, has been marginalised during the crisis, his portfolio keeping him on the sidelines. One does not, admittedly, expect the eloquence of a Tony Blair or the resolve of a Donald Rumsfeld from Martin-on-the-Ridgeway, but the talent exhibited on the Commons and on the tube over this past period is painful. It indicates, once again, the long-held belief of Doug Fisher, dean of the National Press Gallery, that there is more cabinet material in the vest Grit backbench than there is in the J. Chretien collection that he is too beleaguered to shuffle.

Pierre Trudeau, like most Quebec nationalists, did not want to get involved in the Second World War, fought across an ocean, and seemed—mainly through disinterest—the destruction of our armed forces. J. Chretien, under the guise of balancing the budget, continued the trend. The efforts of Eggleton, who achieved the almost impossible task of being an invisible mayor of Toronto, to defend our now tiny navy and the crumbly helicopter fleet were on fumes. How Collier, after his destruction of a credible airline system, can sustain his portfolio is a mystery of logic. Which is to leave aside the laughable Lawrence MacTavish as solicitor general and the simply incompetent transportation minister Elsie Clifton. One doesn't know whether to weep or cry.

Chretien, with his last for power, had to wait to age 65 until he finally became prime minister in 1990, when Britain stood alone against Hitler. After being tossed out in 1995 by war-weary voters who wanted socialism that promised them medicine, he returned to 10 Downing Street at 77. J. Chretien, when asked when he is going, jokes about that Gladstone was elected prime minister at age 82 (for the fourth time).

The joke about is now stale. J. Chretien is 67. These past weeks he has looked a decade older, his bloodless, non-passionate demeanour sad to behold as he teels from one Liberal fund-raiser to another. Any democracy depends for its health on a viable opposition to replace it. In the House of Commons, the Alliance alternative collapsing, the NDP nowhere, the aging Jeanne Clark still dreaming of being PM, the drifting government just drifts on, sad to behold.

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